NO. 6

SUMMER ISSUE

10¢

SUB-MARINER COMICS

PANAMA CANAL
LOCK No. 3
PLUS 20 PAGES OF...
THE ANGEL

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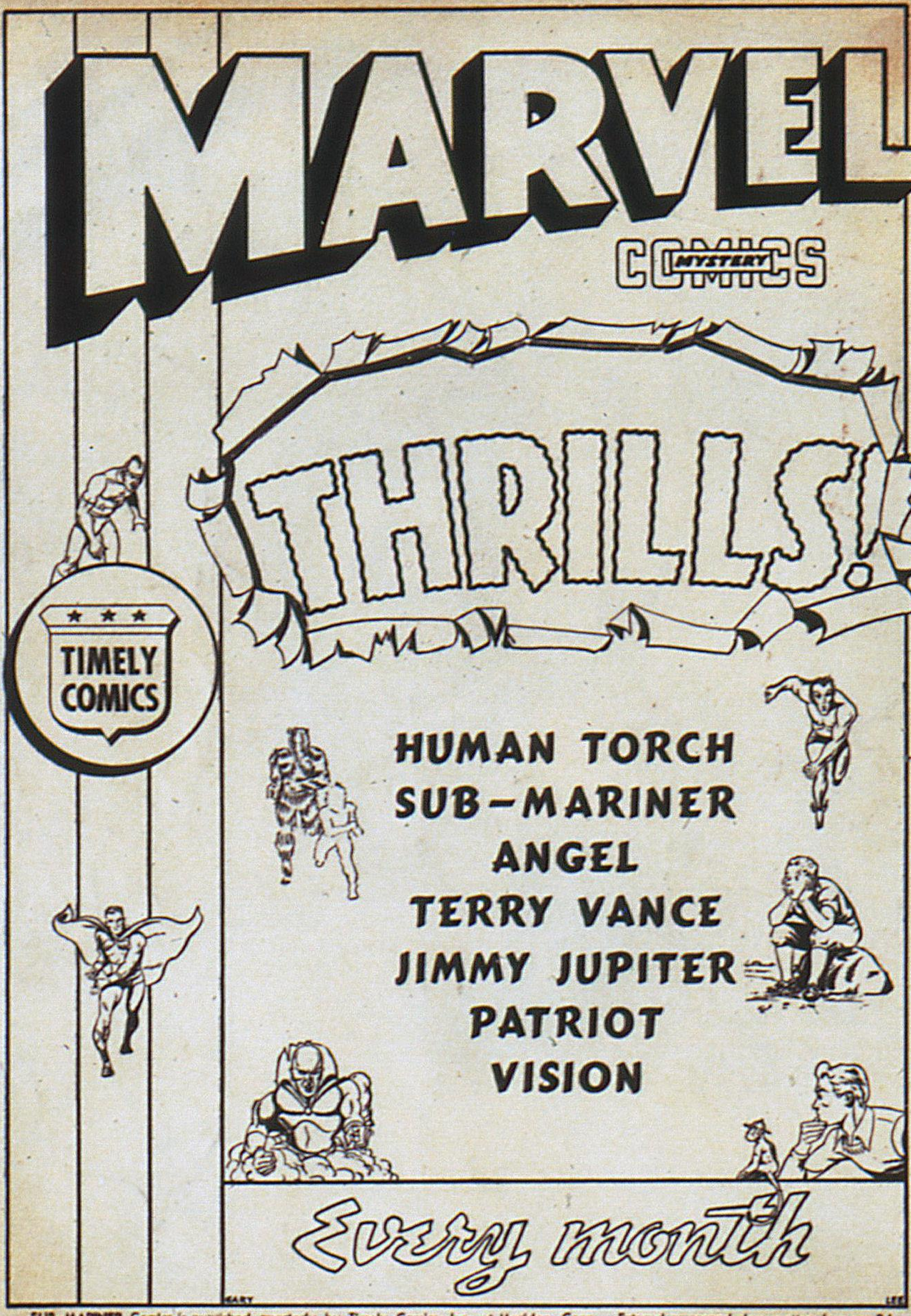
MARVEL
MYSTERY
COMICS
TIMELY COMICS
THRILLS!
HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
ANGEL
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
PATRIOT
VISION
Every month
GARY
LEE

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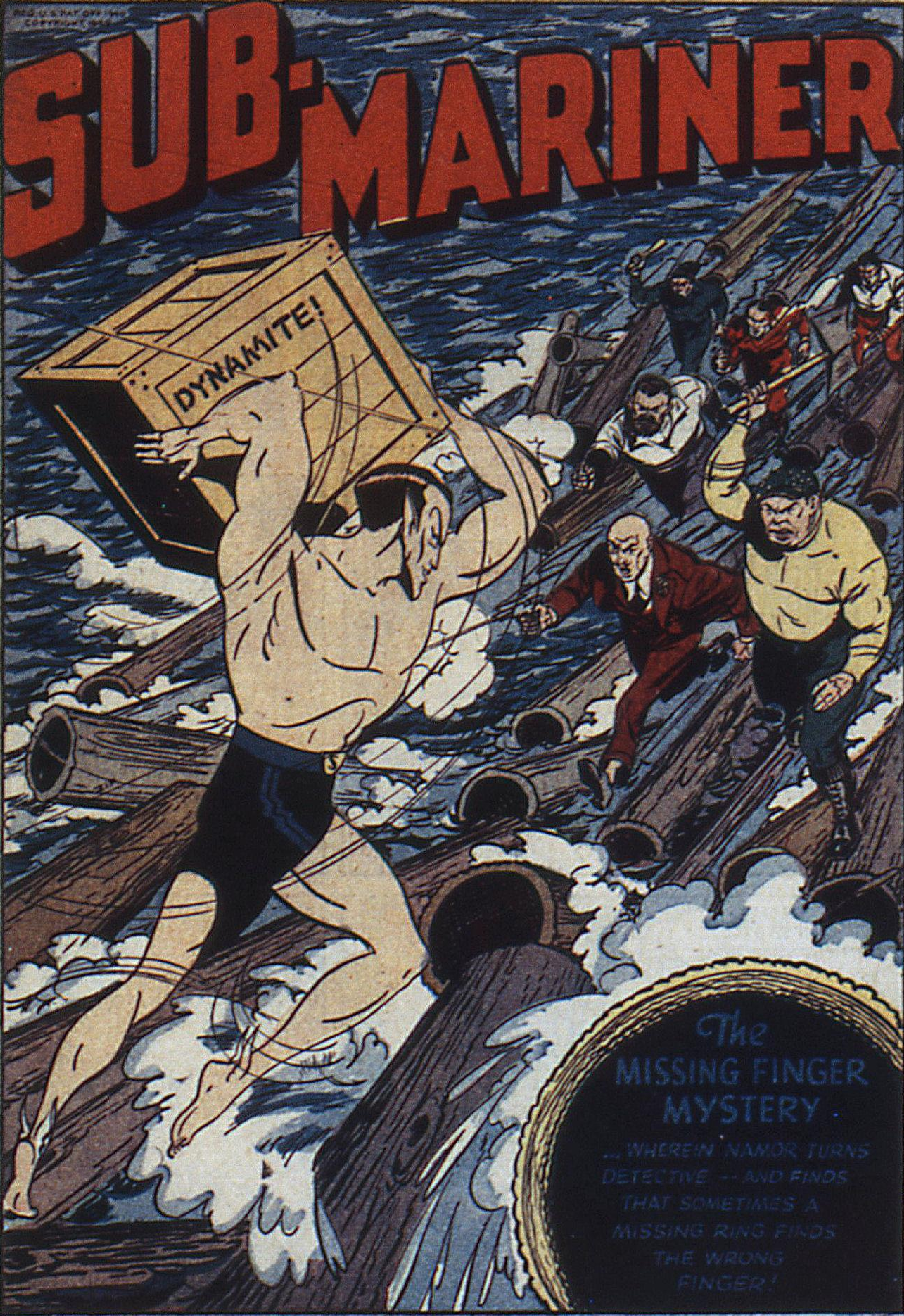
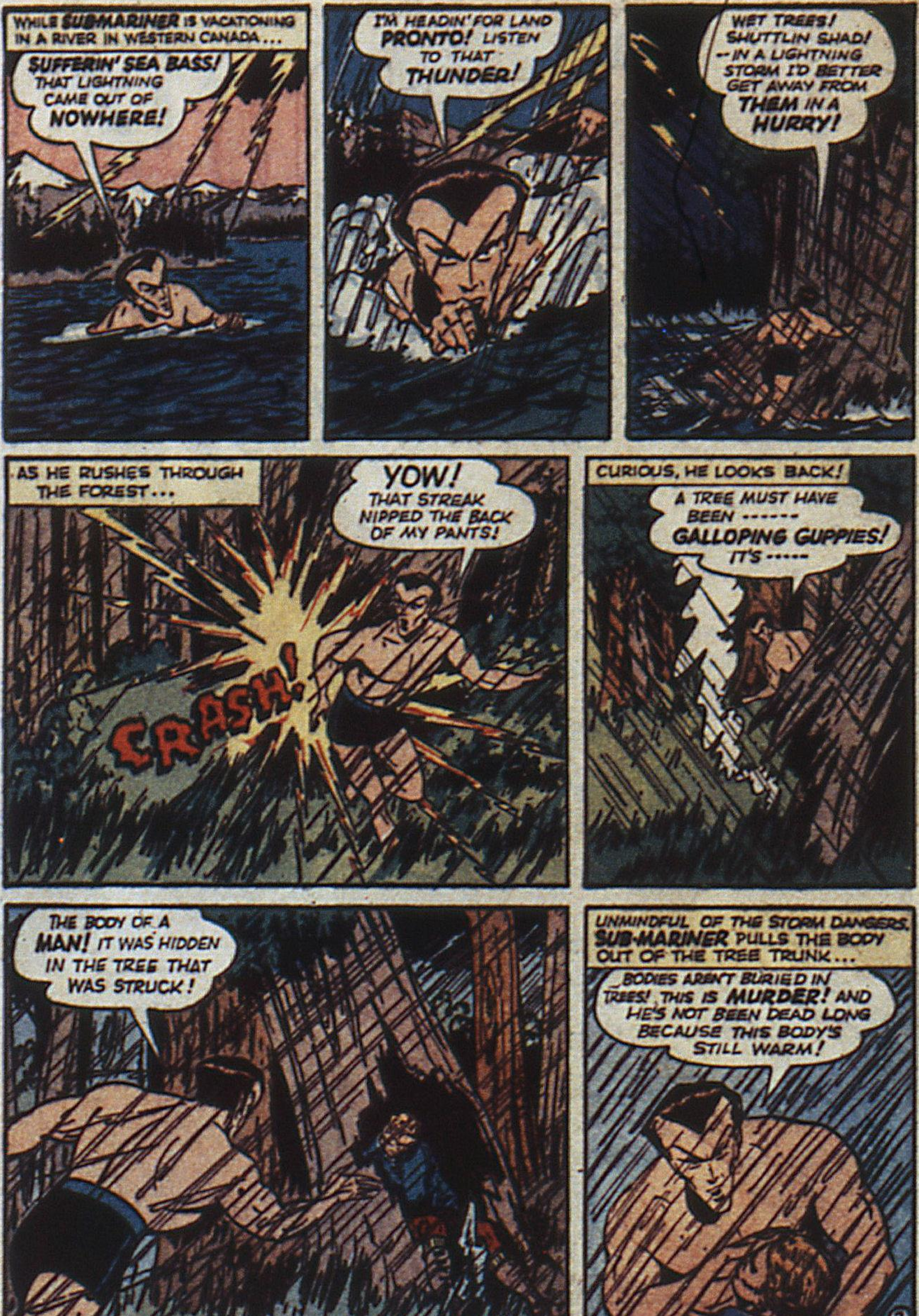
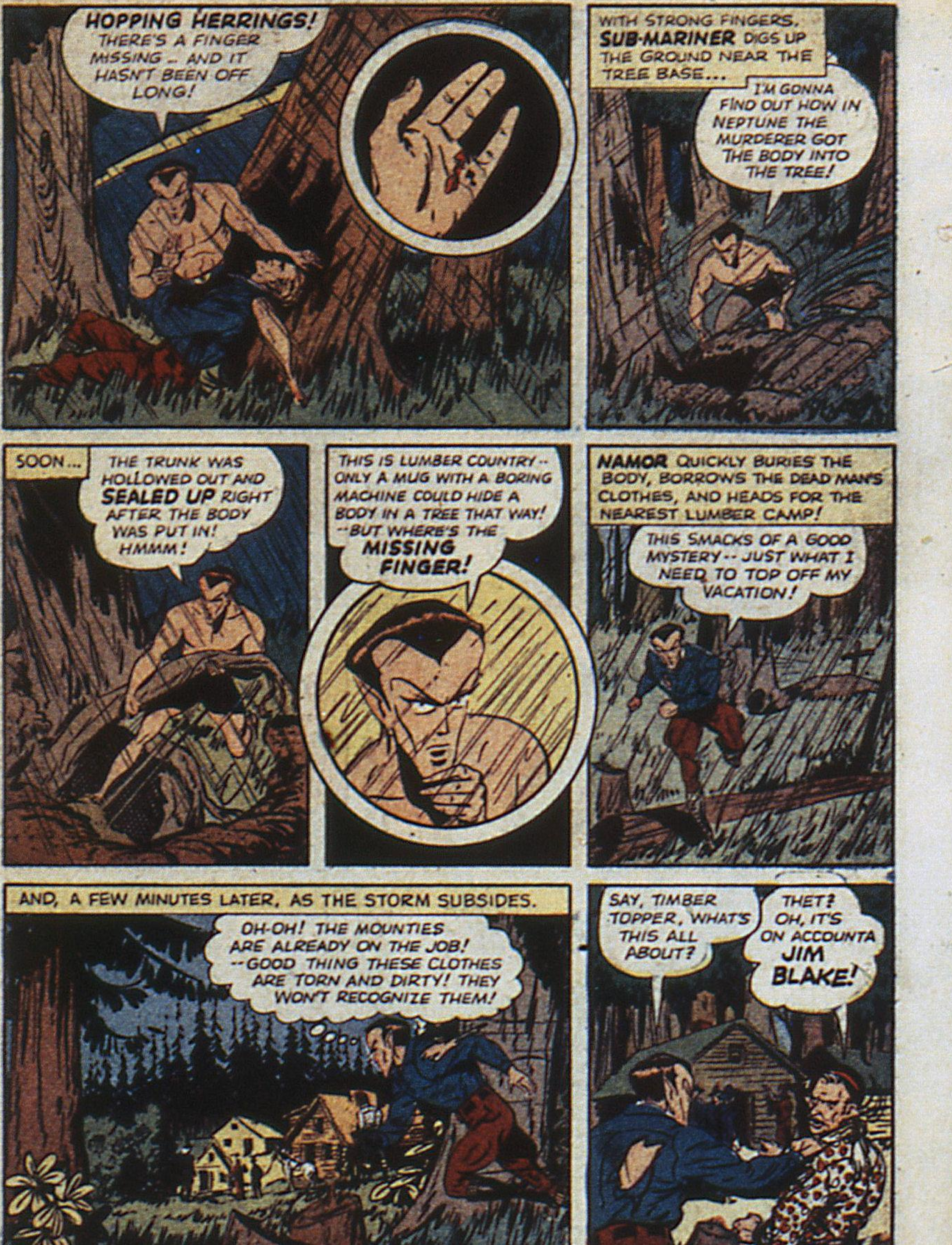
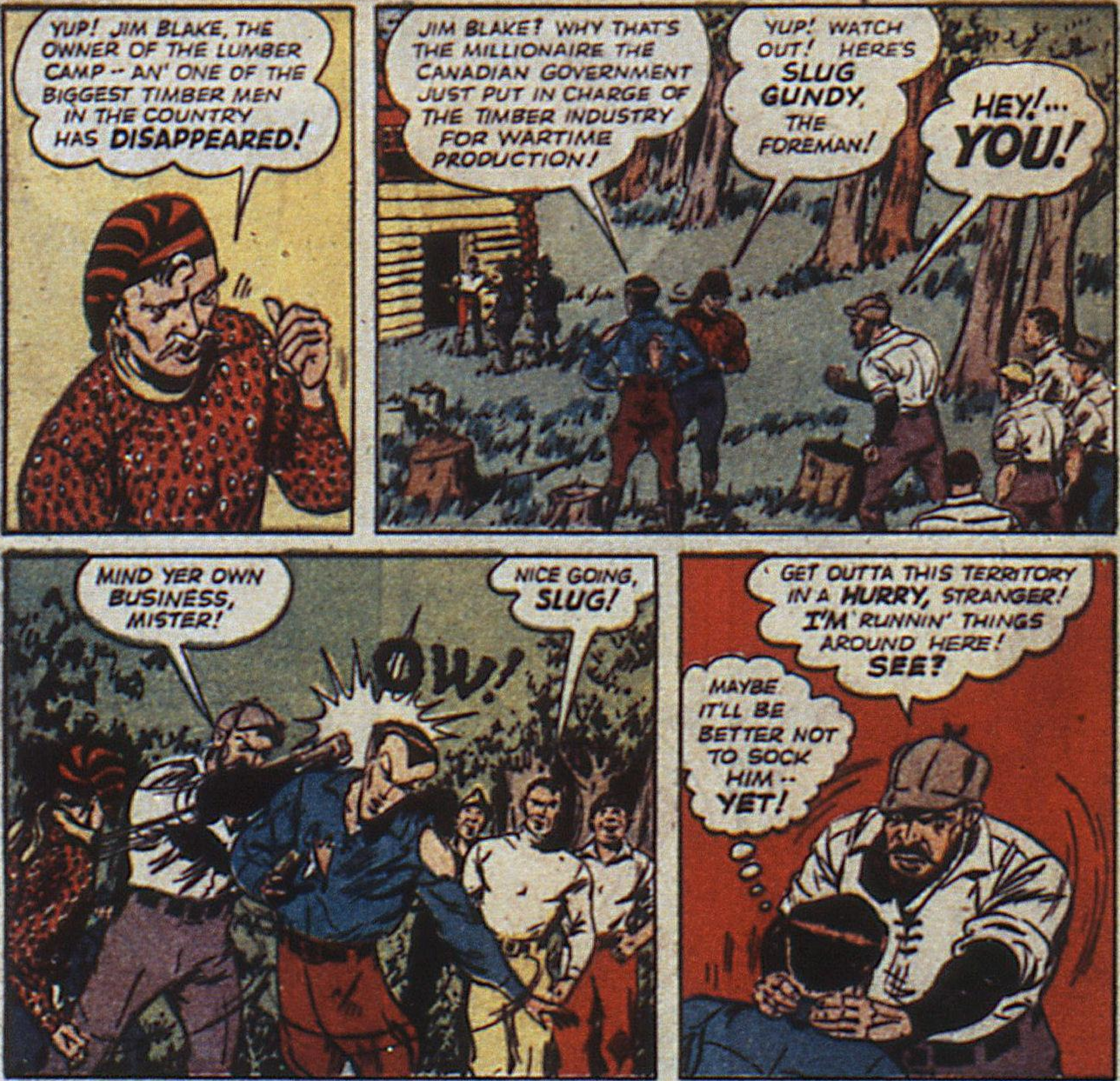
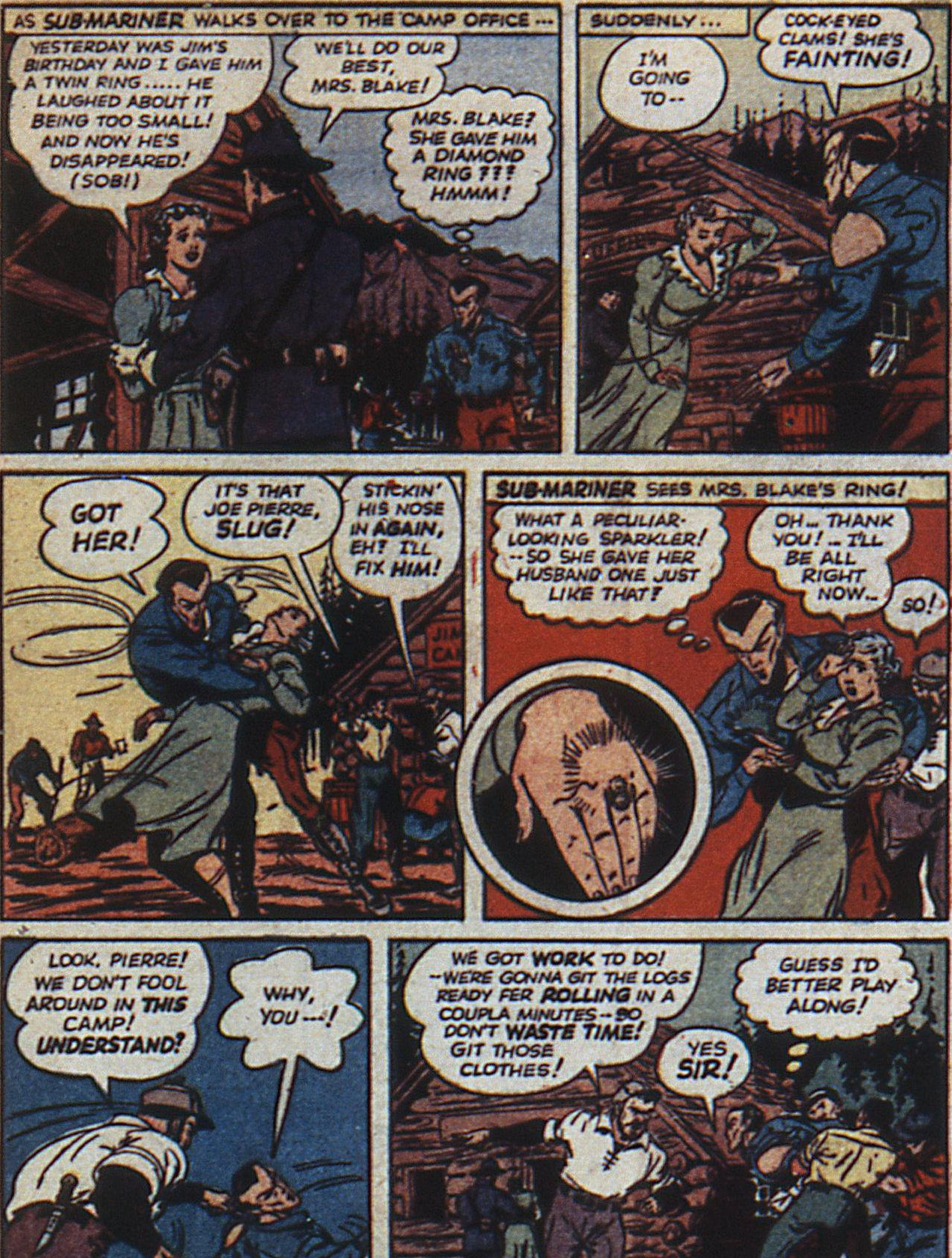

SUB-MARINER
DYNAMITE!
DYNAMITE
The MISSING FINGER MYSTERY
...WHEREIN NAMOR TURNS DETECTIVE -- AND FINDS THAT SOMETIMES A MISSING RING FINDS THE WRONG FINGER!

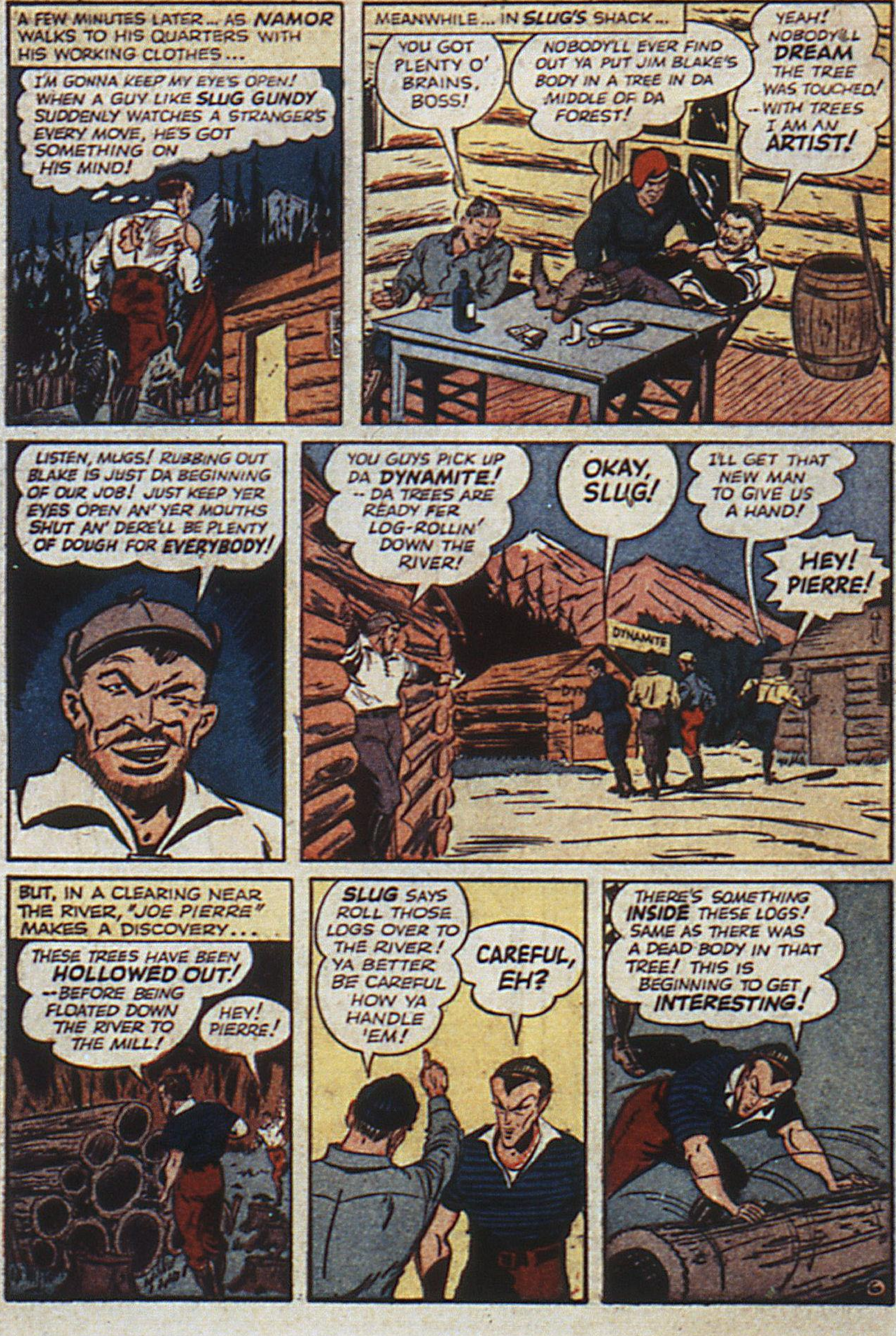
COMIC ART COLLECTION

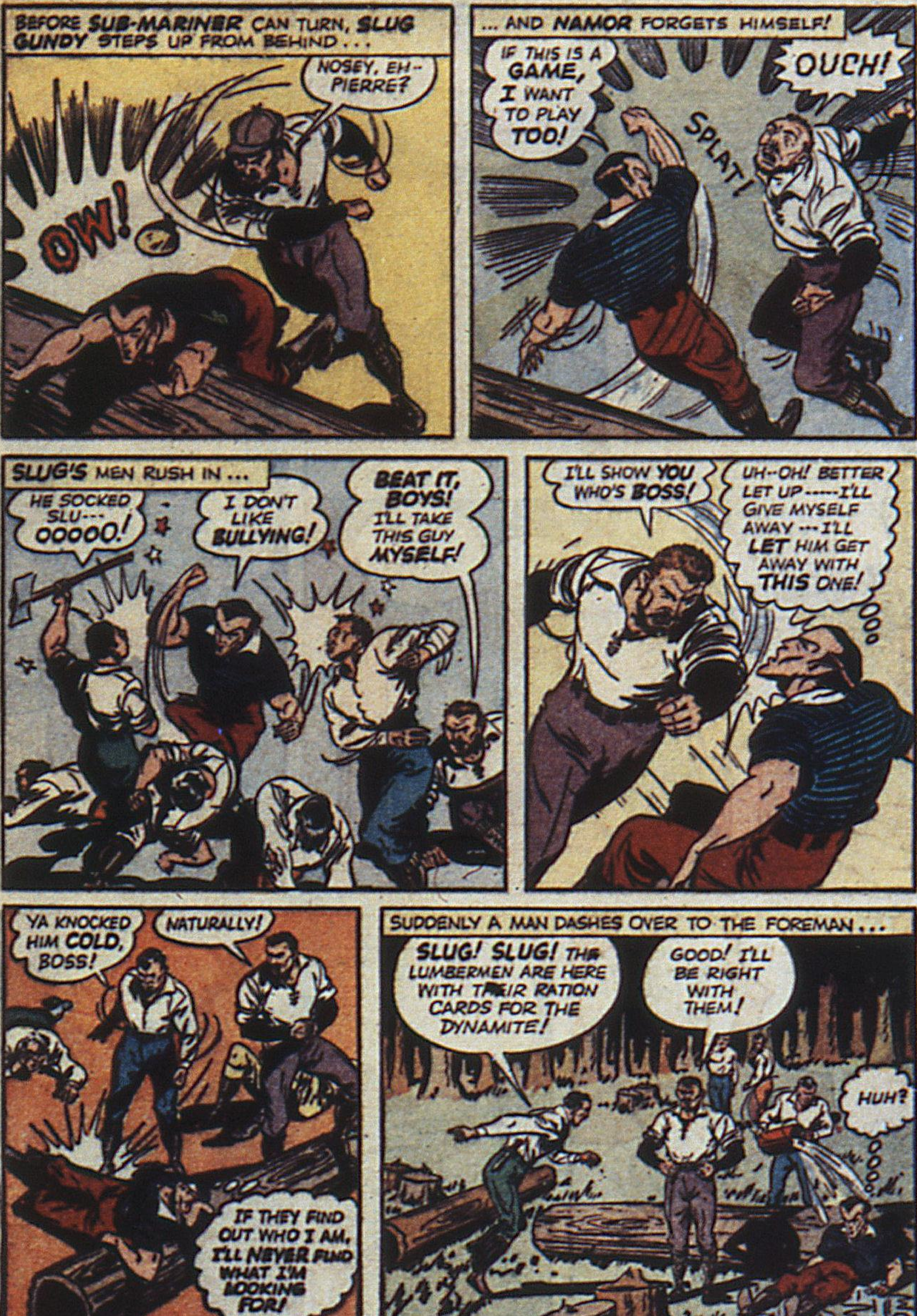

WHILE SUBMARINER IS VACATIONING IN A RIVER IN WESTERN CANADA...
SUFFERIN' SEA BASS! THAT LIGHTNING CAME OUT OF NOWHERE!
I'M HEADIN' FOR LAND PRONTO! LISTEN TO THAT THUNDER!
WET TREES! SHUTTLIN SHAD! --IN A LIGHTNING STORM I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM THEM IN A HURRY!
AS HE RUSHES THROUGH THE FOREST...
YOW! THAT STREAK NIPPED THE BACK OF MY PANTS!
CRASH!
CURIOUS, HE LOOKS BACK!
A TREE MUST HAVE BEEN ------ GALLOPING GUPPIES! IT'S -----
THE BODY OF A MAN! IT WAS HIDDEN IN THE TREE THAT WAS STRUCK!
UNMINDFUL OF THE STORM DANGERS, SUB-MARINER PULLS THE BODY OUT OF THE TREE TRUNK...
BODIES AREN'T BURIED IN TREES! THIS IS MURDER! AND HE'S NOT BEEN DEAD LONG BECAUSE THIS BODY'S STILL WARM!
2

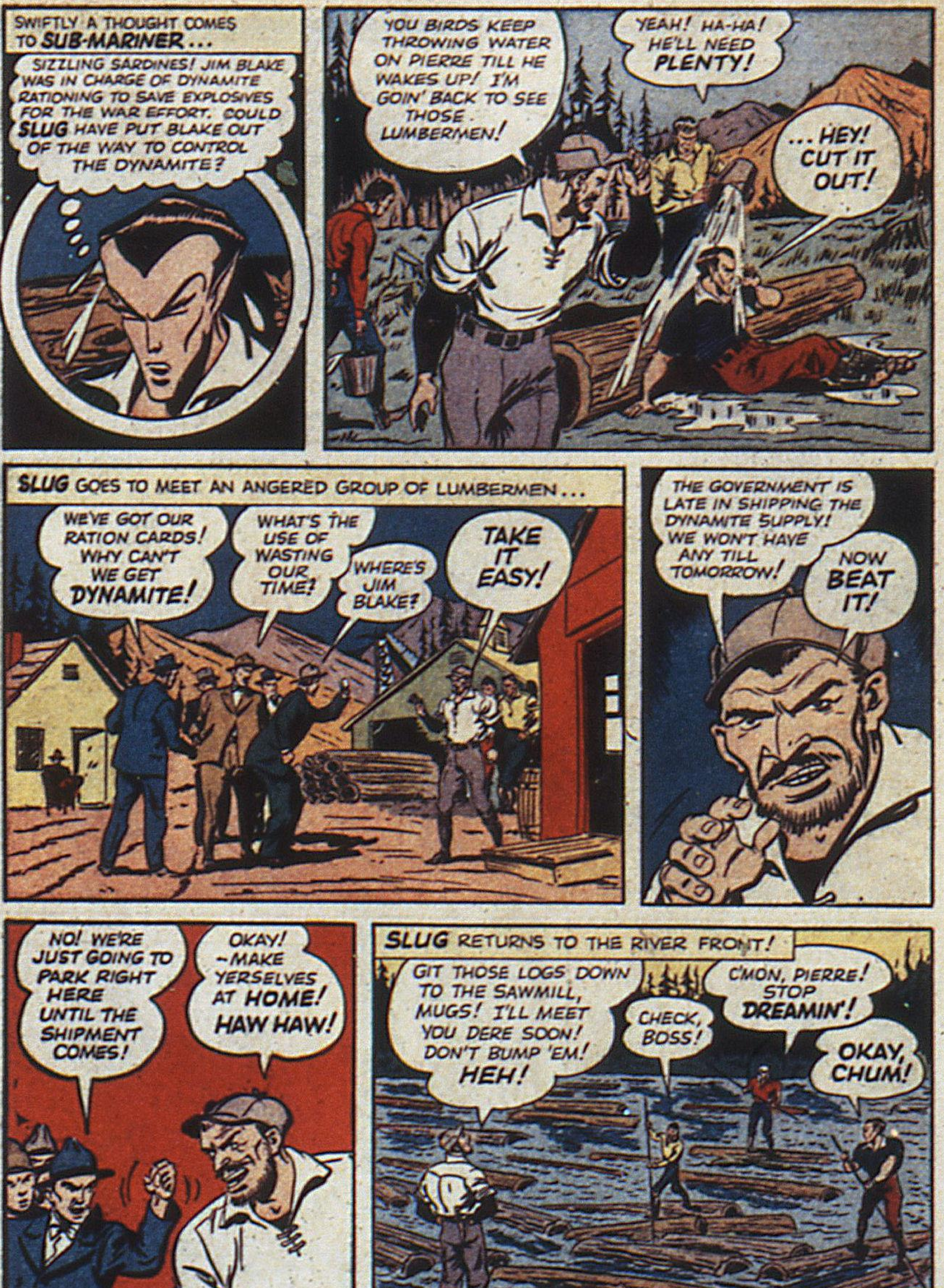

HOPPING HERRINGS! THERE'S A FINGER MISSING .. AND IT HASN'T BEEN OFF LONG!
WITH STRONG FINGERS, SUB-MARINER DIGS UP THE GROUND NEAR THE TREE BASE...
I'M GONNA FIND OUT HOW IN NEPTUNE THE MURDERER GOT THE BODY INTO THE TREE!
SOON...
THE TRUNK WAS HOLLOWED OUT AND SEALED UP RIGHT AFTER THE BODY WAS PUT IN! HMMM!
THIS IS LUMBER COUNTRY -- ONLY A MUG WITH A BORING MACHINE COULD HIDE A BODY IN A TREE THAT WAY! --BUT WHERE'S THE MISSING FINGER!
NAMOR QUICKLY BURIES THE BODY, BORROWS THE DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES, AND HEADS FOR THE NEAREST LUMBER CAMP!
THIS SMACKS OF A GOOD MYSTERY -- JUST WHAT I NEED TO TOP OFF MY VACATION!
AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE STORM SUBSIDES.
OH-OH! THE MOUNTIES ARE ALREADY ON THE JOB! --GOOD THING THESE CLOTHES ARE TORN AND DIRTY! THEY WON'T RECOGNIZE THEM!
SAY, TIMBER TOPPER, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
THET? OH, IT'S ON ACCOUNTA JIM BLAKE!

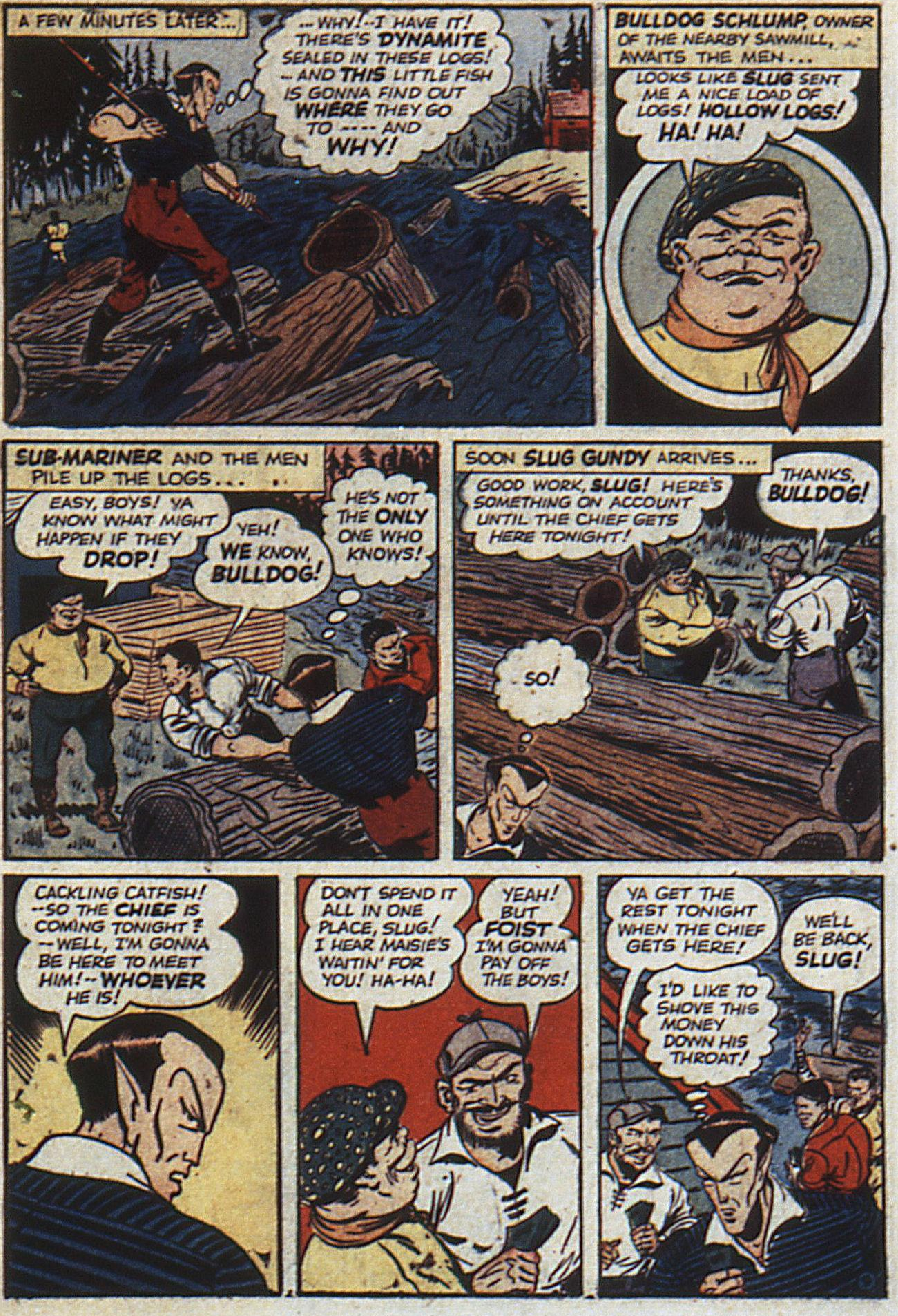

YUP! JIM BLAKE, THE OWNER OF THE LUMBER CAMP -- AN' ONE OF THE BIGGEST TIMBER MEN IN THE COUNTRY HAS DISAPPEARED!
JIM BLAKE? WHY THAT'S THE MILLIONAIRE THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT JUST PUT IN CHARGE OF THE TIMBER INDUSTRY FOR WARTIME PRODUCTION!
YUP! WATCH OUT! HERE'S SLUG GUNDY, THE FOREMAN!
HEY!... YOU!
MIND YER OWN BUSINESS, MISTER!
OW!
NICE GOING, SLUG!
GET OUTTA THIS TERRITORY IN A HURRY, STRANGER! I'M RUNNIN' THINGS AROUND HERE! SEE?
MAYBE IT'LL BE BETTER NOT TO SOCK HIM -- YET!
SUB-MARINER THINKS QUICKLY!
NO HARM MEANT, MISTER! MY NAME IS JOE PIERRE. I WAS HIKIN' HERE TO GET A JOB -- BUT GOT MESSED UP IN THE STORM! MY CLOTHES ARE RUINED!
... AND IS TAKEN ON!
OKAY! -- WE CAN USE MEN -- REPORT TO THE OFFICE FOR SOME CLEAN DUDS, STRANGER! THEN START WORKIN'!
HE SURE LOOKS HUSKY, SLUG!
OKAY, CHIEF!
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS SLUG GUNDY! BETTER KEEP MY EYES OPEN AND FORGET ABOUT THAT BODY FOR A WHILE!

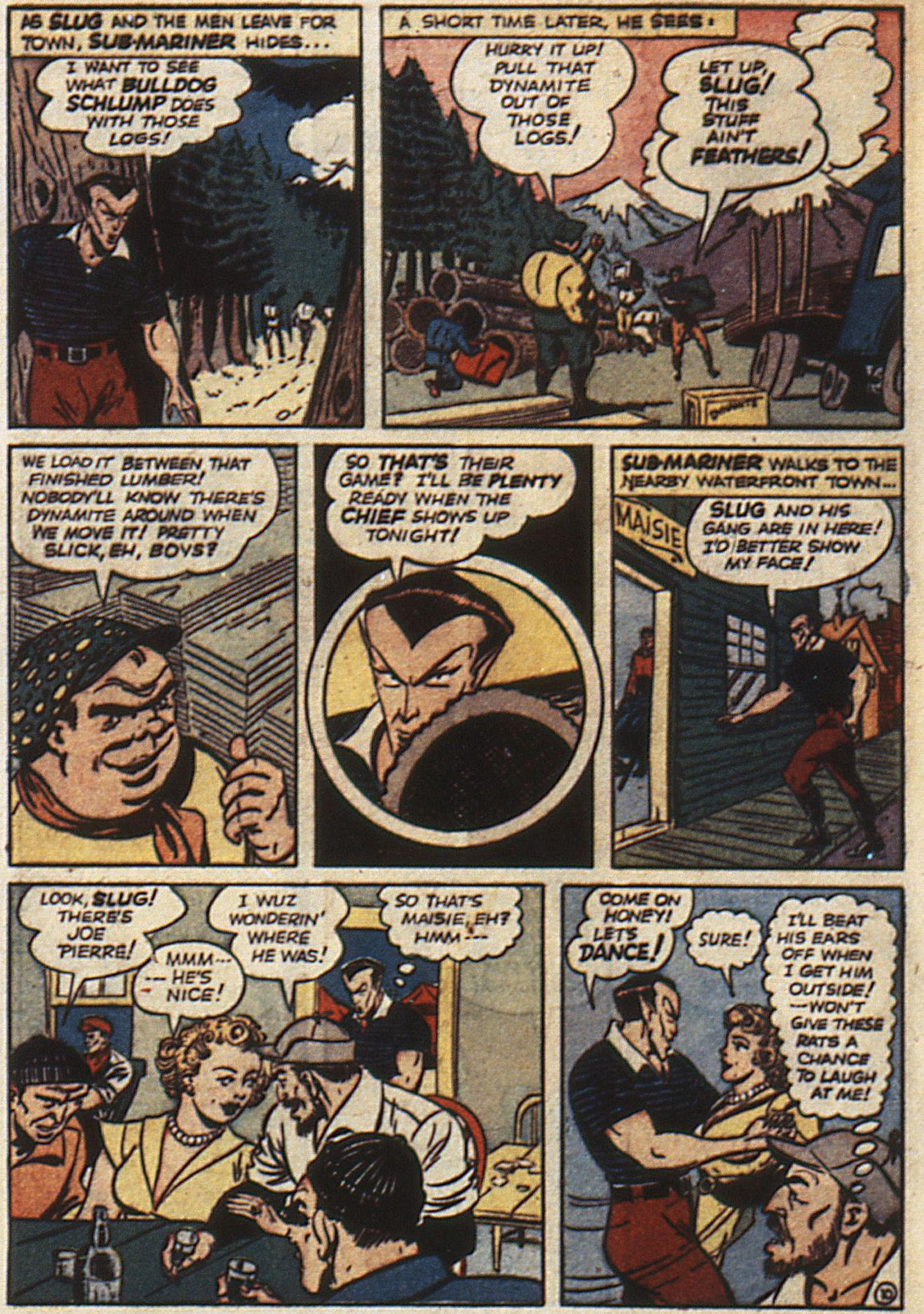

AS SUB-MARINER WALKS OVER TO THE CAMP OFFICE ---
YESTERDAY WAS JIM'S BIRTHDAY AND I GAVE HIM A TWIN RING ..... HE LAUGHED ABOUT IT BEING TOO SMALL! AND NOW HE'S DISAPPEARED! (SOB!)
WE'LL DO OUR BEST, MRS. BLAKE!
MRS. BLAKE? SHE GAVE HIM A DIAMOND RING ??? HMMM!
SUDDENLY ...
I'M GOING TO --
COCK-EYED CLAMS! SHE'S FAINTING!
GOT HER!
IT'S THAT JOE PIERRE, SLUG!
STICKIN' HIS NOSE IN AGAIN, EH? I'LL FIX HIM!
SUB-MARINER SEES MRS. BLAKE'S RING!
WHAT A PECULIAR-LOOKING SPARKLER! --SO SHE GAVE HER HUSBAND ONE JUST LIKE THAT?
OH... THANK YOU! .. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW...
SO!
LOOK, PIERRE! WE DON'T FOOL AROUND IN THIS CAMP! UNDERSTAND?
WHY, YOU --!
WE GOT WORK TO DO! --WE'RE GONNA GIT THE LOGS READY FER ROLLING IN A COUPLA MINUTES -- SO DON'T WASTE TIME! GIT THOSE CLOTHES!
YES SIR!
GUESS I'D BETTER PLAY ALONG!


A FEW MINUTES LATER... AS NAMOR WALKS TO HIS QUARTERS WITH HIS WORKING CLOTHES...
I'M GONNA KEEP MY EYES OPEN! WHEN A GUY LIKE SLUG GUNDY SUDDENLY WATCHES A STRANGER'S EVERY MOVE, HE'S GOT SOMETHING ON HIS MIND!
MEANWHILE... IN SLUG'S SHACK...
YOU GOT PLENTY O' BRAINS, BOSS!
NOBODY'LL EVER FIND OUT YA PUT JIM BLAKE'S BODY IN A TREE IN DA MIDDLE OF DA FOREST!
YEAH! NOBODY'LL DREAM THE TREE WAS TOUCHED! --WITH TREES I AM AN ARTIST!
LISTEN, MUGS! RUBBING OUT BLAKE IS JUST DA BEGINNING OF OUR JOB! JUST KEEP YER EYES OPEN AN' YER MOUTHS SHUT AN' DERE'LL BE PLENTY OF DOUGH FOR EVERYBODY!
YOU GUYS PICK UP DA DYNAMITE! --DA TREES ARE READY FER LOG-ROLLIN' DOWN THE RIVER!
OKAY, SLUG!
I'LL GET THAT NEW MAN TO GIVE US A HAND!
HEY! PIERRE!
DYNAMITE
BUT, IN A CLEARING NEAR THE RIVER, "JOE PIERRE" MAKES A DISCOVERY...
THESE TREES HAVE BEEN HOLLOWED OUT! --BEFORE BEING FLOATED DOWN THE RIVER TO THE MILL!
HEY! PIERRE!
SLUG SAYS ROLL THOSE LOGS OVER TO THE RIVER! YA BETTER BE CAREFUL HOW YA HANDLE 'EM!
CAREFUL, EH?
THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE THESE LOGS! SAME AS THERE WAS A DEAD BODY IN THAT TREE! THIS IS BEGINNING TO GET INTERESTING!
3


BEFORE SUB-MARINER CAN TURN, SLUG GUNDY STEPS UP FROM BEHIND . . .
NOSEY, EH-- PIERRE?
OW!
... AND NAMOR FORGETS HIMSELF!
IF THIS IS A GAME, I WANT TO PLAY TOO!
OUCH!
SPLAT!
SLUG'S MEN RUSH IN ...
HE SOCKED SLU--- OOOOO!
I DON'T LIKE BULLYING!
BEAT IT, BOYS! I'LL TAKE THIS GUY MYSELF!
I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S BOSS!
UH--OH! BETTER LET UP -----I'LL GIVE MYSELF AWAY ---I'LL LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THIS ONE!
OOO
YA KNOCKED HIM COLD, BOSS!
NATURALLY!
IF THEY FIND OUT WHO I AM, I'LL NEVER FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!
SUDDENLY A MAN DASHES OVER TO THE FOREMAN...
SLUG! SLUG! THE LUMBERMEN ARE HERE WITH THEIR RATION CARDS FOR THE DYNAMITE!
GOOD! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH THEM!
HUH?
OOOOO
Z-Z-Z
7


SWIFTLY A THOUGHT COMES TO SUB-MARINER...
SIZZLING SARDINES! JIM BLAKE WAS IN CHARGE OF DYNAMITE RATIONING TO SAVE EXPLOSIVES FOR THE WAR EFFORT. COULD SLUG HAVE PUT BLAKE OUT OF THE WAY TO CONTROL THE DYNAMITE?
YOU BIRDS KEEP THROWING WATER ON PIERRE TILL HE WAKES UP! I'M GOIN' BACK TO SEE THOSE LUMBERMEN!
YEAH! HA-HA! HE'LL NEED PLENTY!
...HEY! CUT IT OUT!
SLUG GOES TO MEET AN ANGERED GROUP OF LUMBERMEN...
WE'VE GOT OUR RATION CARDS! WHY CAN'T WE GET DYNAMITE!
WHAT'S THE USE OF WASTING OUR TIME?
WHERE'S JIM BLAKE?
TAKE IT EASY!
THE GOVERNMENT IS LATE IN SHIPPING THE DYNAMITE SUPPLY! WE WON'T HAVE ANY TILL TOMORROW!
NOW BEAT IT!
NO! WE'RE JUST GOING TO PARK RIGHT HERE UNTIL THE SHIPMENT COMES!
OKAY! ~MAKE YERSELVES AT HOME! HAW HAW!
SLUG RETURNS TO THE RIVER FRONT!
GIT THOSE LOGS DOWN TO THE SAWMILL, MUGS! I'LL MEET YOU DERE SOON! DON'T BUMP 'EM! HEH!
CHECK, BOSS!
C'MON, PIERRE! STOP DREAMIN'!
OKAY, CHUM!


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
...WHY!--I HAVE IT! THERE'S DYNAMITE SEALED IN THESE LOGS! --AND THIS LITTLE FISH IS GONNA FIND OUT WHERE THEY GO TO ---- AND WHY!
BULLDOG SCHLUMP, OWNER OF THE NEARBY SAWMILL, AWAITS THE MEN...
LOOKS LIKE SLUG SENT ME A NICE LOAD OF LOGS! HOLLOW LOGS! HA! HA!
SUB-MARINER AND THE MEN PILE UP THE LOGS...
EASY, BOYS! YA KNOW WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF THEY DROP!
YEH! WE KNOW, BULLDOG!
HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS!
SOON SLUG GUNDY ARRIVES...
GOOD WORK, SLUG! HERE'S SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT UNTIL THE CHIEF GETS HERE TONIGHT!
THANKS, BULLDOG!
SO!
CACKLING CATFISH! --SO THE CHIEF IS COMING TONIGHT? --WELL, I'M GONNA BE HERE TO MEET HIM! --WHOEVER HE IS!
DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE, SLUG! I HEAR MAISIE'S WAITIN' FOR YOU! HA-HA!
YEAH! BUT FOIST I'M GONNA PAY OFF THE BOYS!
YA GET THE REST TONIGHT WHEN THE CHIEF GETS HERE!
WE'LL BE BACK, SLUG!
I'D LIKE TO SHOVE THIS MONEY DOWN HIS THROAT!


AS SLUG AND THE MEN LEAVE FOR TOWN, SUB-MARINER HIDES...
I WANT TO SEE WHAT BULLDOG SCHLUMP DOES WITH THOSE LOGS!
A SHORT TIME LATER, HE SEES:
HURRY IT UP! PULL THAT DYNAMITE OUT OF THOSE LOGS!
LET UP, SLUG! THIS STUFF AIN'T FEATHERS!
DYNAMITE
WE LOAD IT BETWEEN THAT FINISHED LUMBER! NOBODY'LL KNOW THERE'S DYNAMITE AROUND WHEN WE MOVE IT! PRETTY SLICK, EH, BOYS?
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME? I'LL BE PLENTY READY WHEN THE CHIEF SHOWS UP TONIGHT!
SUB-MARINER WALKS TO THE NEARBY WATERFRONT TOWN...
MAISIE
SLUG AND HIS GANG ARE IN HERE! I'D BETTER SHOW MY FACE!
LOOK, SLUG! THERE'S JOE PIERRE!
MMM--- --- HE'S NICE!
I WUZ WONDERIN' WHERE HE WAS!
SO THAT'S MAISIE, EH? HMM---
COME ON HONEY! LET'S DANCE!
SURE!
I'LL BEAT HIS EARS OFF WHEN I GET HIM OUTSIDE! ---WON'T GIVE THESE RATS A CHANCE TO LAUGH AT ME!
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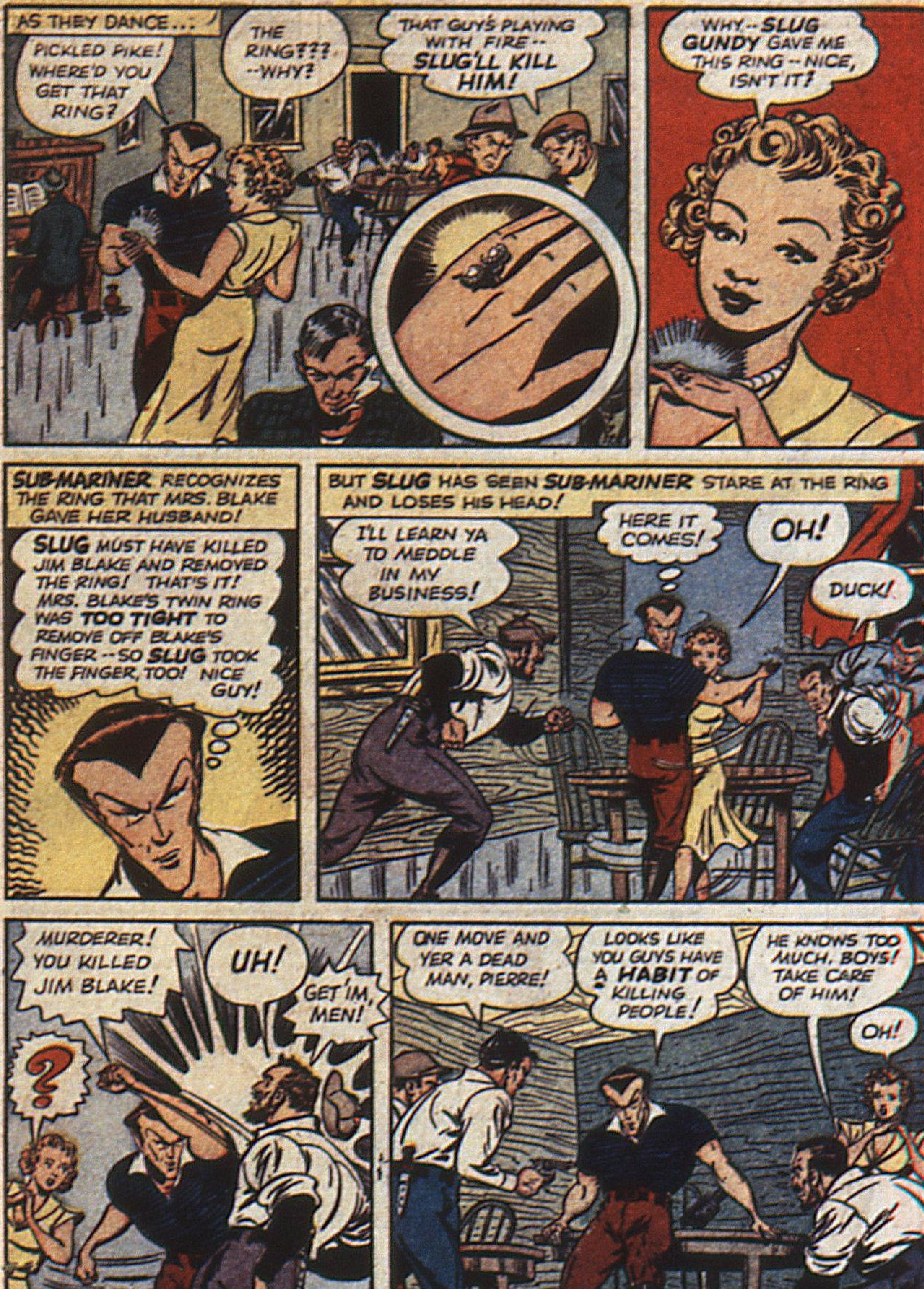
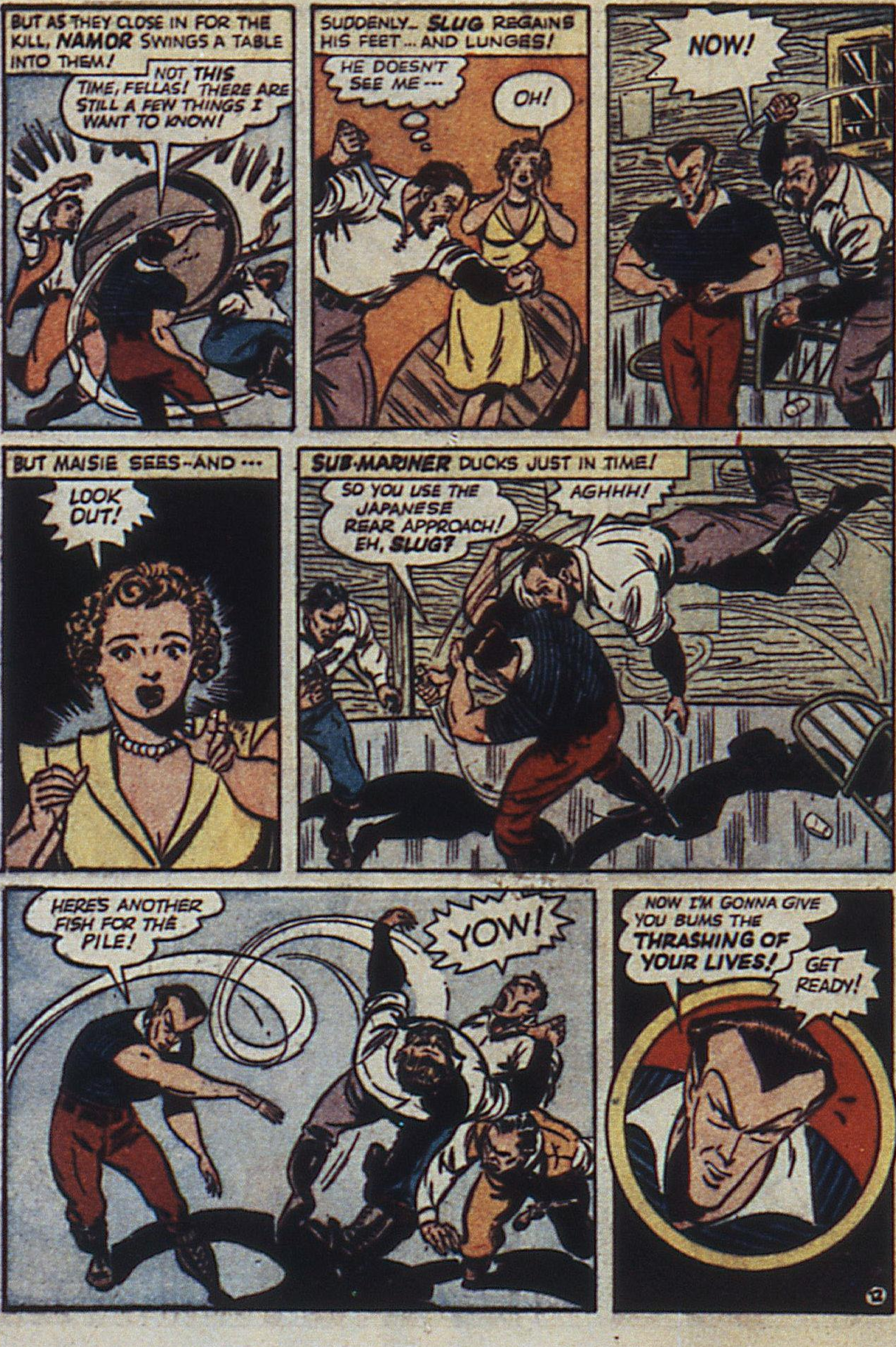
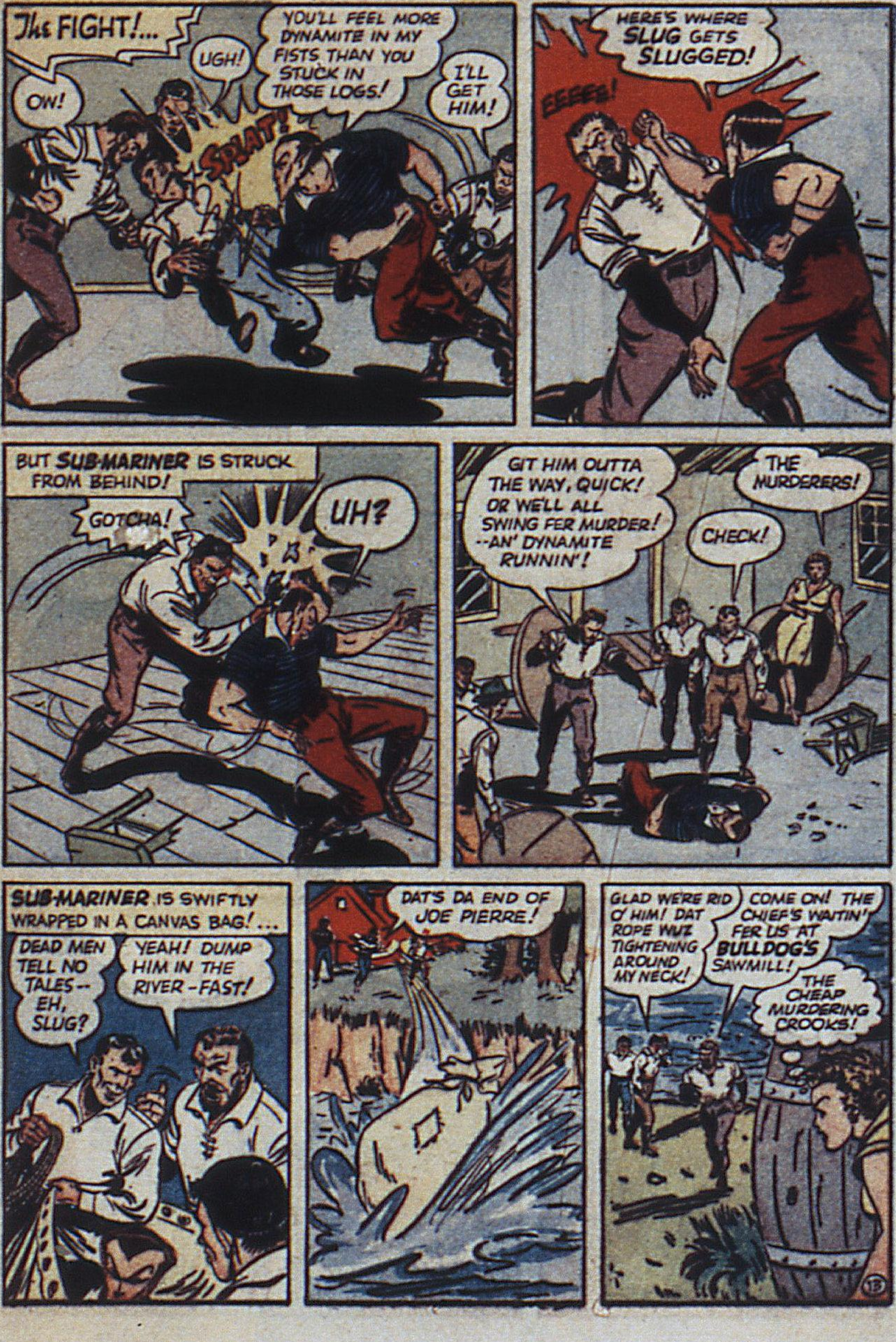
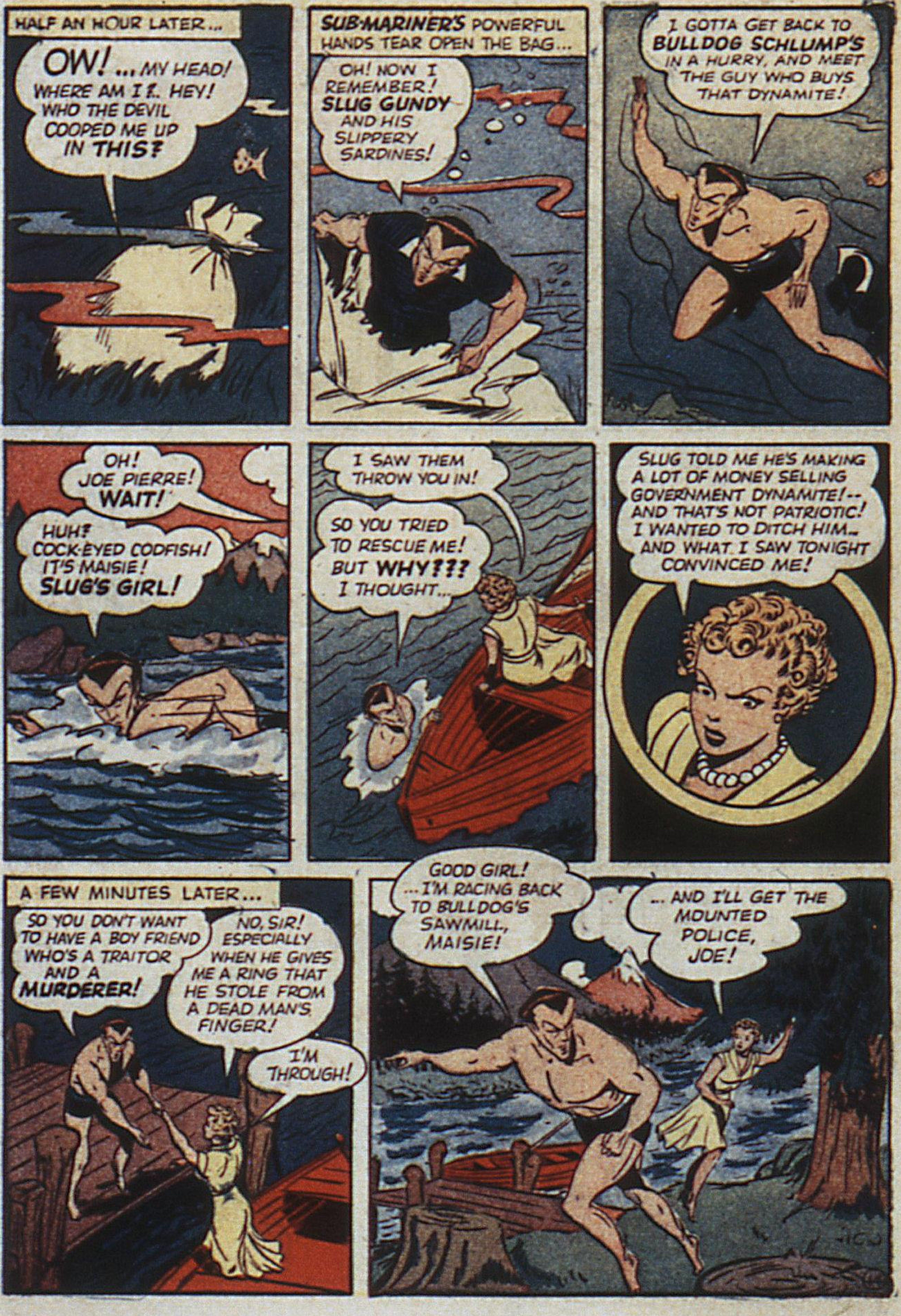
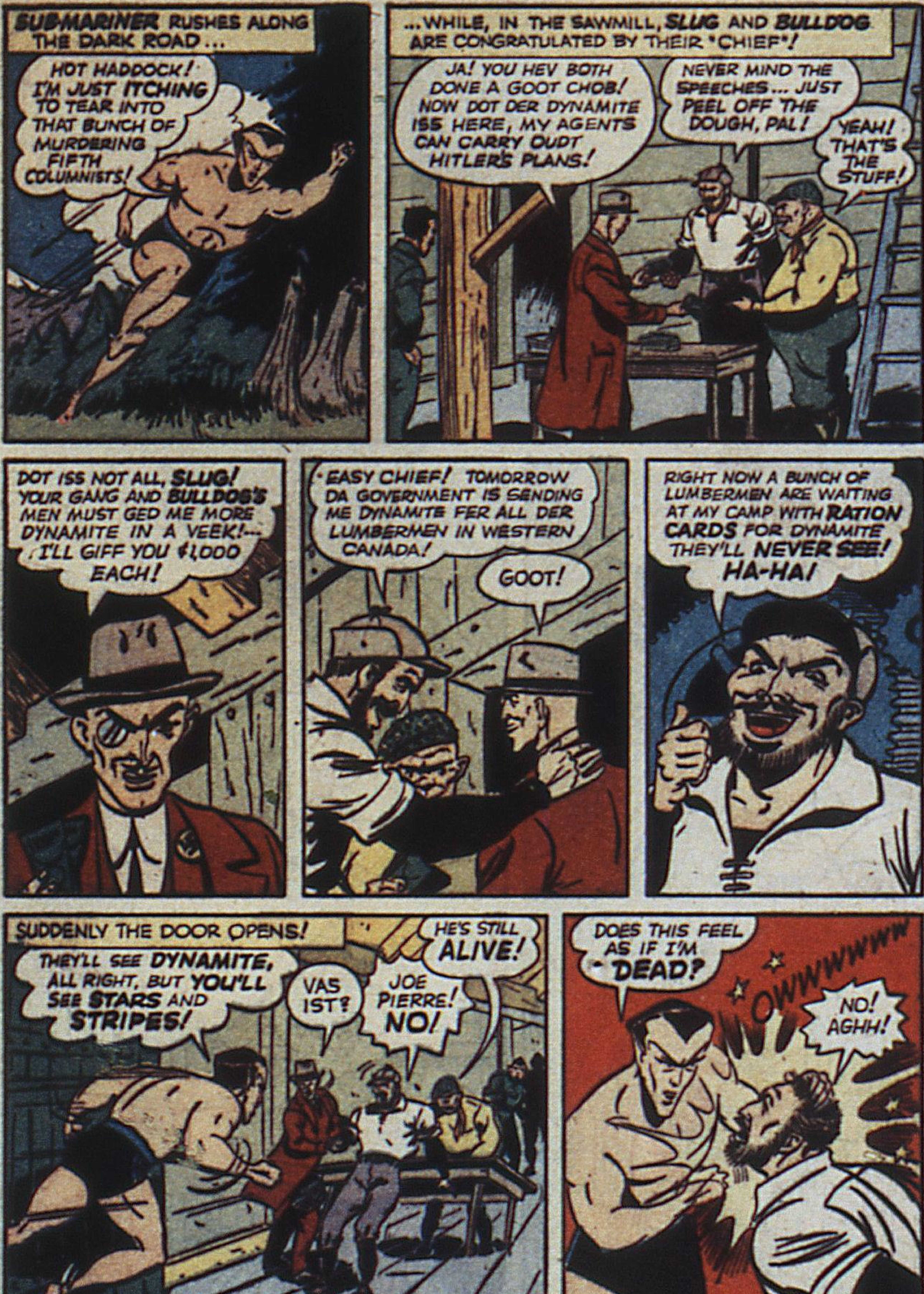
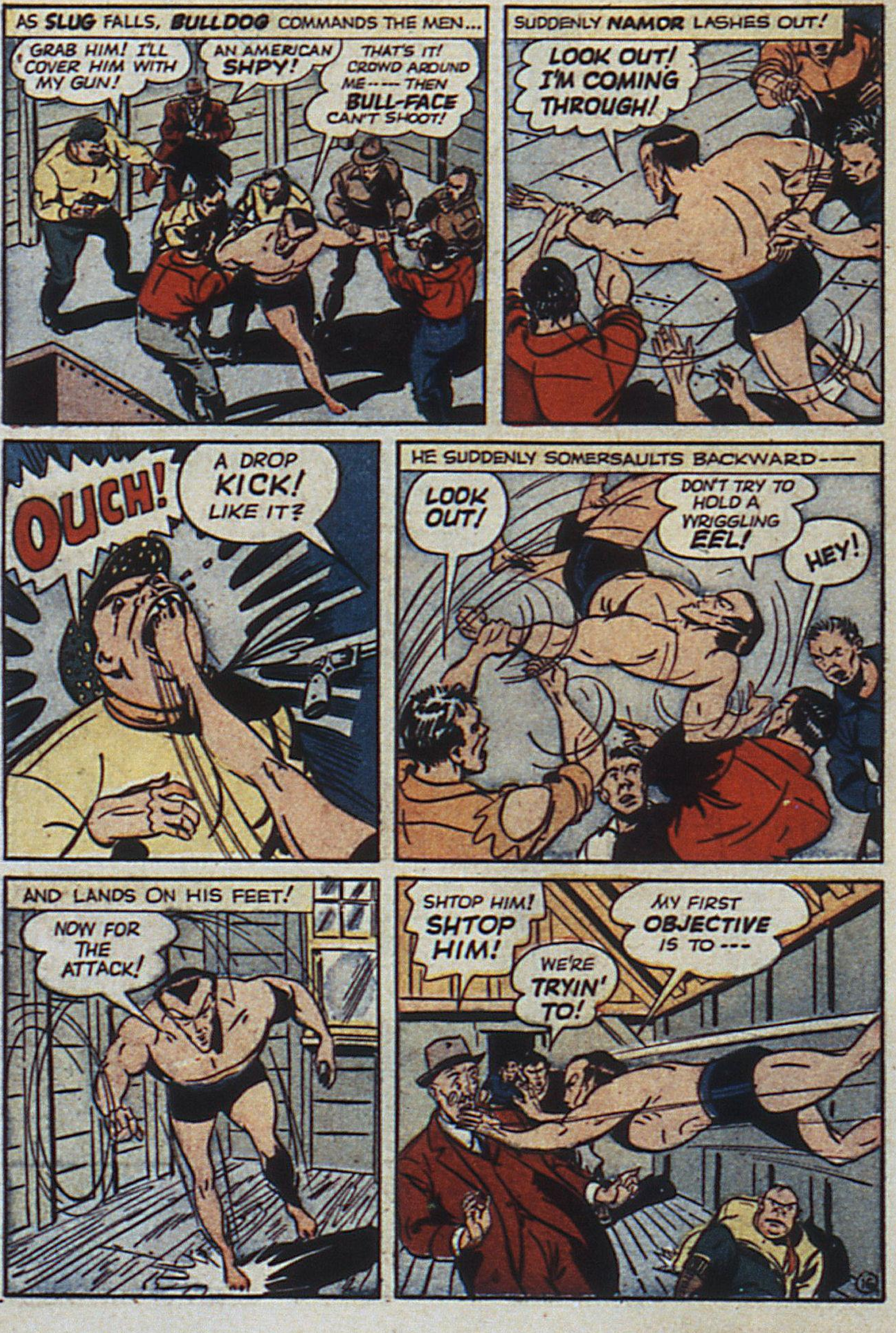

AS THEY DANCE...:
PICKLED PIKE! WHERE'D YOU GET THAT RING?
THE RING??? --WHY?
THAT GUY'S PLAYING WITH FIRE-- SLUG'LL KILL HIM!
WHY.--SLUG GUNDY GAVE ME THIS RING--NICE, ISN'T IT?
SUB-MARINER RECOGNIZES THE RING THAT MRS. BLAKE GAVE HER HUSBAND!
SLUG MUST HAVE KILLED JIM BLAKE AND REMOVED THE RING! THAT'S IT! MRS. BLAKE'S TWIN RING WAS TOO TIGHT TO REMOVE OFF BLAKE'S FINGER--SO SLUG TOOK THE FINGER, TOO! NICE GUY!
BUT SLUG HAS SEEN SUB-MARINER STARE AT THE RING AND LOSES HIS HEAD!
I'LL LEARN YA TO MEDDLE IN MY BUSINESS!
HERE IT COMES!
OH!
DUCK!
MURDERER! YOU KILLED JIM BLAKE!
UH!
?
GET 'IM, MEN!
ONE MOVE AND YER A DEAD MAN, PIERRE!
LOOKS LIKE YOU GUYS HAVE A HABIT OF KILLING PEOPLE!
HE KNOWS TOO MUCH, BOYS! TAKE CARE OF HIM!
OH!

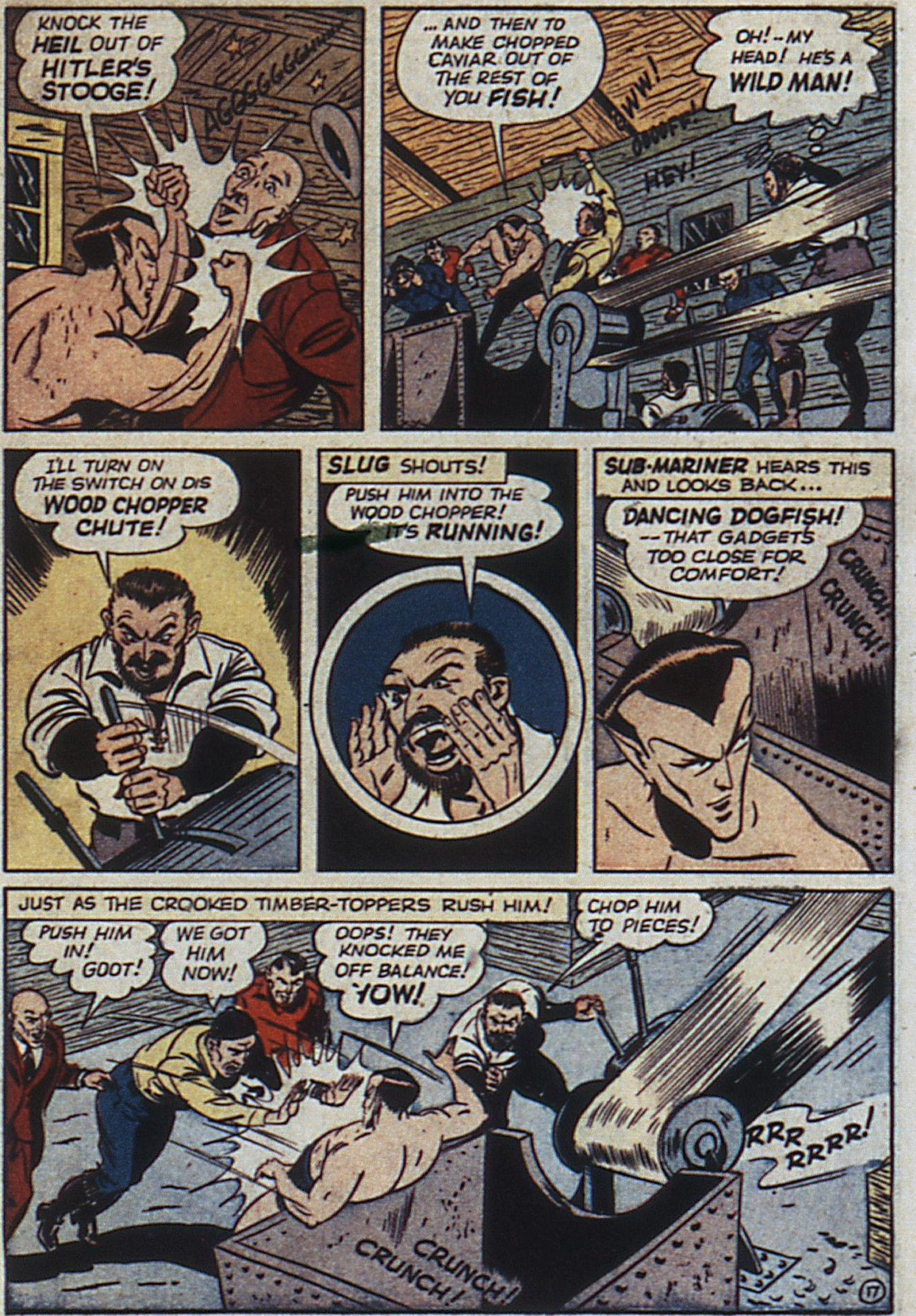

BUT AS THEY CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL, NAMOR SWINGS A TABLE INTO THEM!
NOT THIS TIME, FELLAS! THERE ARE STILL A FEW THINGS I WANT TO KNOW!
SUDDENLY.. SLUG REGAINS HIS FEET... AND LUNGES!
HE DOESN'T SEE ME ---
OH!
NOW!
BUT MAISIE SEES--AND ...
LOOK OUT!
SUB-MARINER DUCKS JUST IN TIME!
SO YOU USE THE JAPANESE REAR APPROACH! EH, SLUG?
AGHHH!
HERE'S ANOTHER FISH FOR THE PILE!
YOW!
NOW I'M GONNA GIVE YOU BUMS THE THRASHING OF YOUR LIVES!
GET READY!

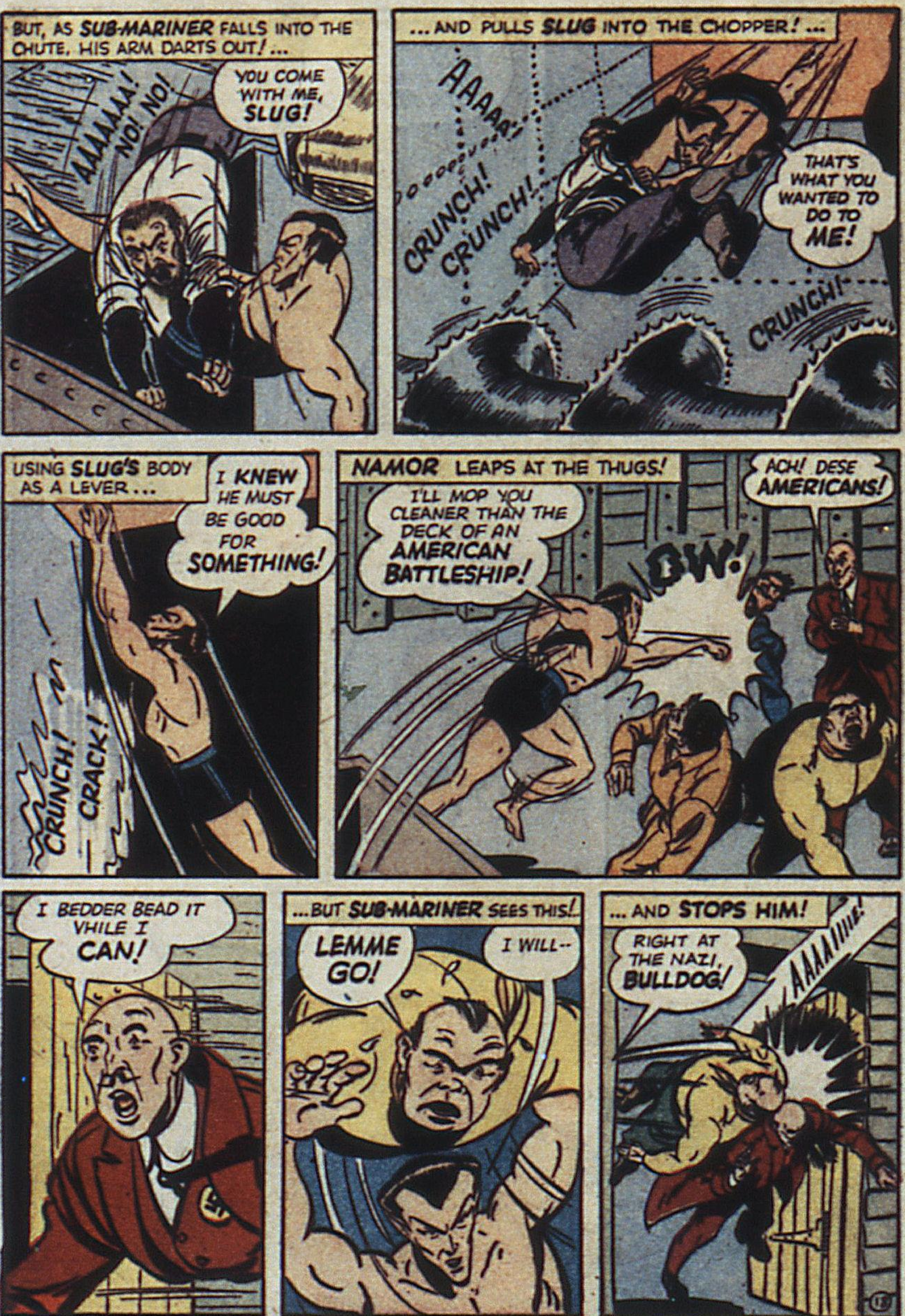

The FIGHT!...
OW!
UGH!
YOU'LL FEEL MORE DYNAMITE IN MY FISTS THAN YOU STUCK IN THOSE LOGS!
SPLAT!
I'LL GET HIM!
HERE'S WHERE SLUG GETS SLUGGED!
EEEEE!
BUT SUB-MARINER IS STRUCK FROM BEHIND!
GOTCHA!
UH?
GIT HIM OUTTA THE WAY, QUICK! OR WE'LL ALL SWING FER MURDER! --AN' DYNAMITE RUNNIN'!
CHECK!
THE MURDERERS!
SUB-MARINER IS SWIFTLY WRAPPED IN A CANVAS BAG!...
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES-- EH, SLUG?
YEAH! DUMP HIM IN THE RIVER-FAST!
DAT'S DA END OF JOE PIERRE!
GLAD WE'RE RID O' HIM! DAT ROPE WUZ TIGHTENING AROUND MY NECK!
COME ON! THE CHIEF'S WAITIN' FER US AT BULLDOG'S SAWMILL!
THE CHEAP MURDERING CROOKS!

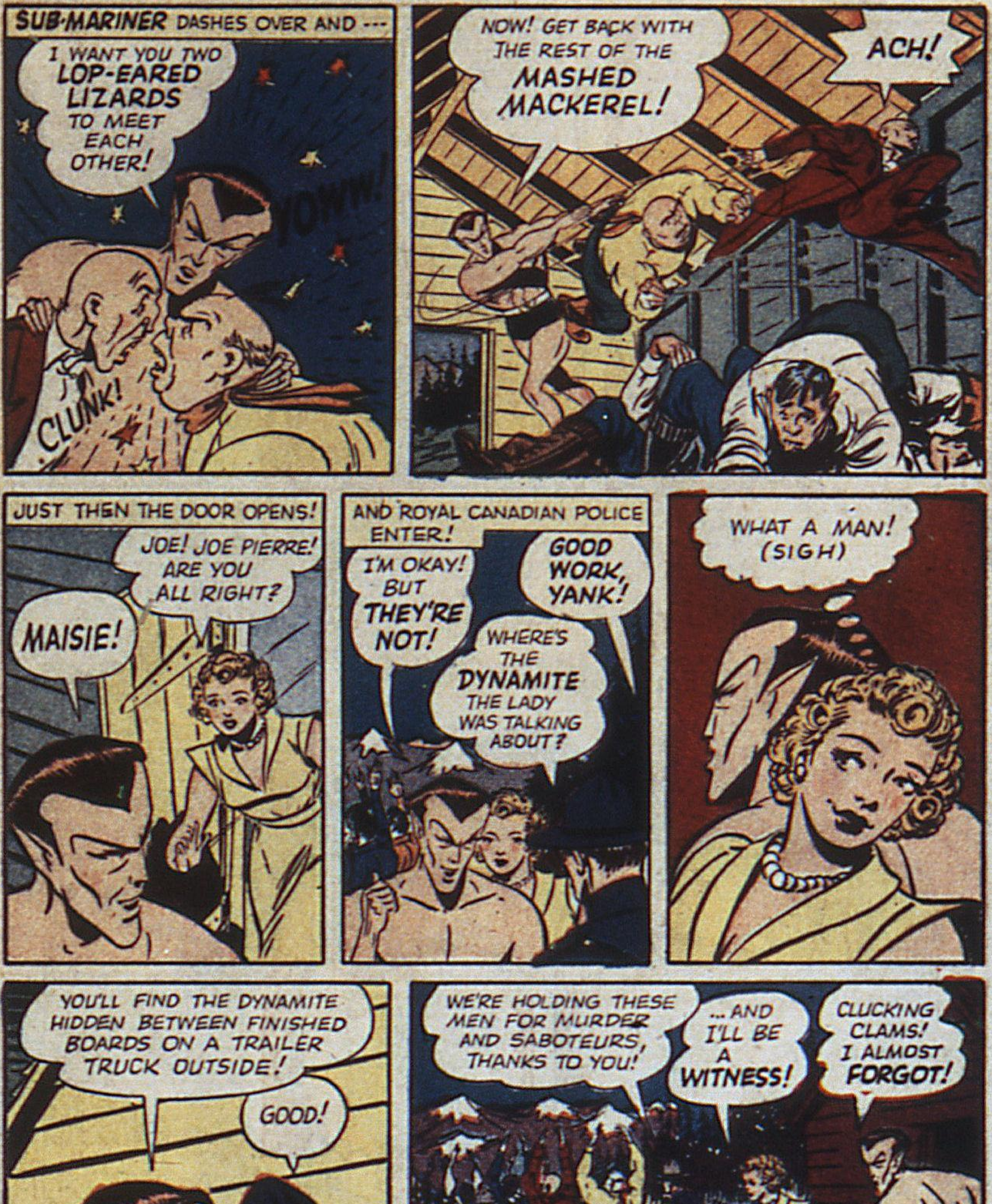

HALF AN HOUR LATER...
OW! ... MY HEAD! WHERE AM I?.. HEY! WHO THE DEVIL COOPED ME UP IN THIS?
SUB-MARINER'S POWERFUL HANDS TEAR OPEN THE BAG...
OH! NOW I REMEMBER! SLUG GUNDY AND HIS SLIPPERY SARDINES!
I GOTTA GET BACK TO BULLDOG SCHLUMP'S IN A HURRY, AND MEET THE GUY WHO BUYS THAT DYNAMITE!
OH! JOE PIERRE! WAIT!
HUH? COCK-EYED CODFISH! IT'S MAISIE! SLUG'S GIRL!
I SAW THEM THROW YOU IN!
SO YOU TRIED TO RESCUE ME! BUT WHY??? I THOUGHT...
SLUG TOLD ME HE'S MAKING A LOT OF MONEY SELLING GOVERNMENT DYNAMITE!-- AND THAT'S NOT PATRIOTIC! I WANTED TO DITCH HIM... AND WHAT I SAW TONIGHT CONVINCED ME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SO YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE A BOY FRIEND WHO'S A TRAITOR AND A MURDERER!
NO, SIR! ESPECIALLY WHEN HE GIVES ME A RING THAT HE STOLE FROM A DEAD MAN'S FINGER!
I'M THROUGH!
GOOD GIRL! ... I'M RACING BACK TO BULLDOG'S SAWMILL, MAISIE!
... AND I'LL GET THE MOUNTED POLICE, JOE!

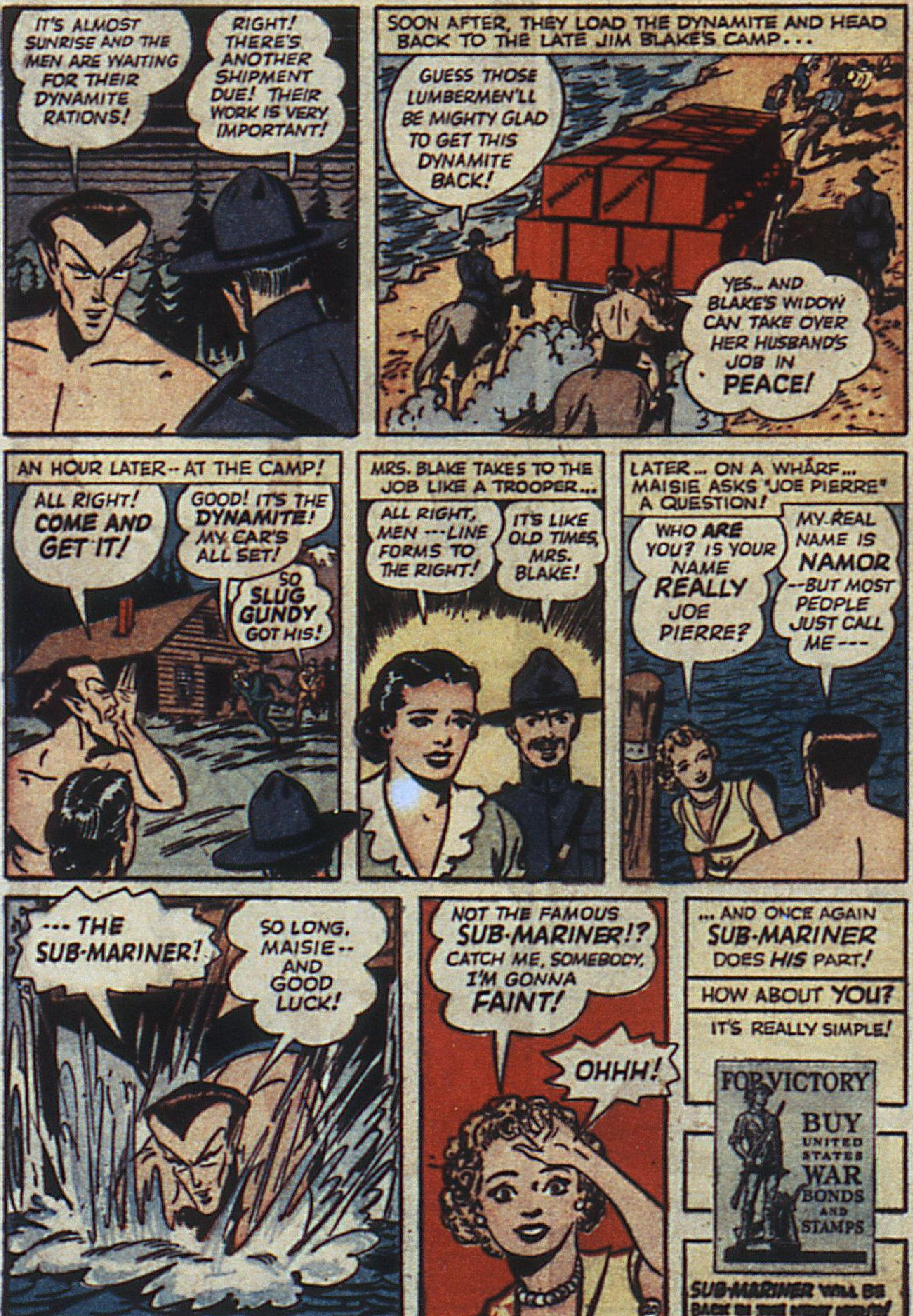

SUB-MARINER RUSHES ALONG THE DARK ROAD...
HOT HADDOCK! I'M JUST ITCHING TO TEAR INTO THAT BUNCH OF MURDERING FIFTH COLUMNISTS!
...WHILE, IN THE SAWMILL, SLUG AND BULLDOG ARE CONGRATULATED BY THEIR "CHIEF"!
JA! YOU HEV BOTH DONE A GOOT CHOB! NOW DOT DER DYNAMITE ISS HERE, MY AGENTS CAN CARRY OUDT HITLER'S PLANS!
NEVER MIND THE SPEECHES... JUST PEEL OFF THE DOUGH, PAL!
YEAH! THAT'S THE STUFF!
DOT ISS NOT ALL, SLUG! YOUR GANG AND BULLDOG'S MEN MUST GED ME MORE DYNAMITE IN A VEEK!-- I'LL GIFF YOU $1,000 EACH!
EASY CHIEF! TOMORROW DA GOVERNMENT IS SENDING ME DYNAMITE FER ALL DER LUMBERMEN IN WESTERN CANADA!
GOOT!
RIGHT NOW A BUNCH OF LUMBERMEN ARE WAITING AT MY CAMP WITH RATION CARDS FOR DYNAMITE THEY'LL NEVER SEE! HA-HA!
SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS!
THEY'LL SEE DYNAMITE, ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU'LL SEE STARS AND STRIPES!
HE'S STILL ALIVE!
VAS IST?
JOE PIERRE! NO!
DOES THIS FEEL AS IF I'M DEAD?
OWWWWWW
NO! AGHH!
15

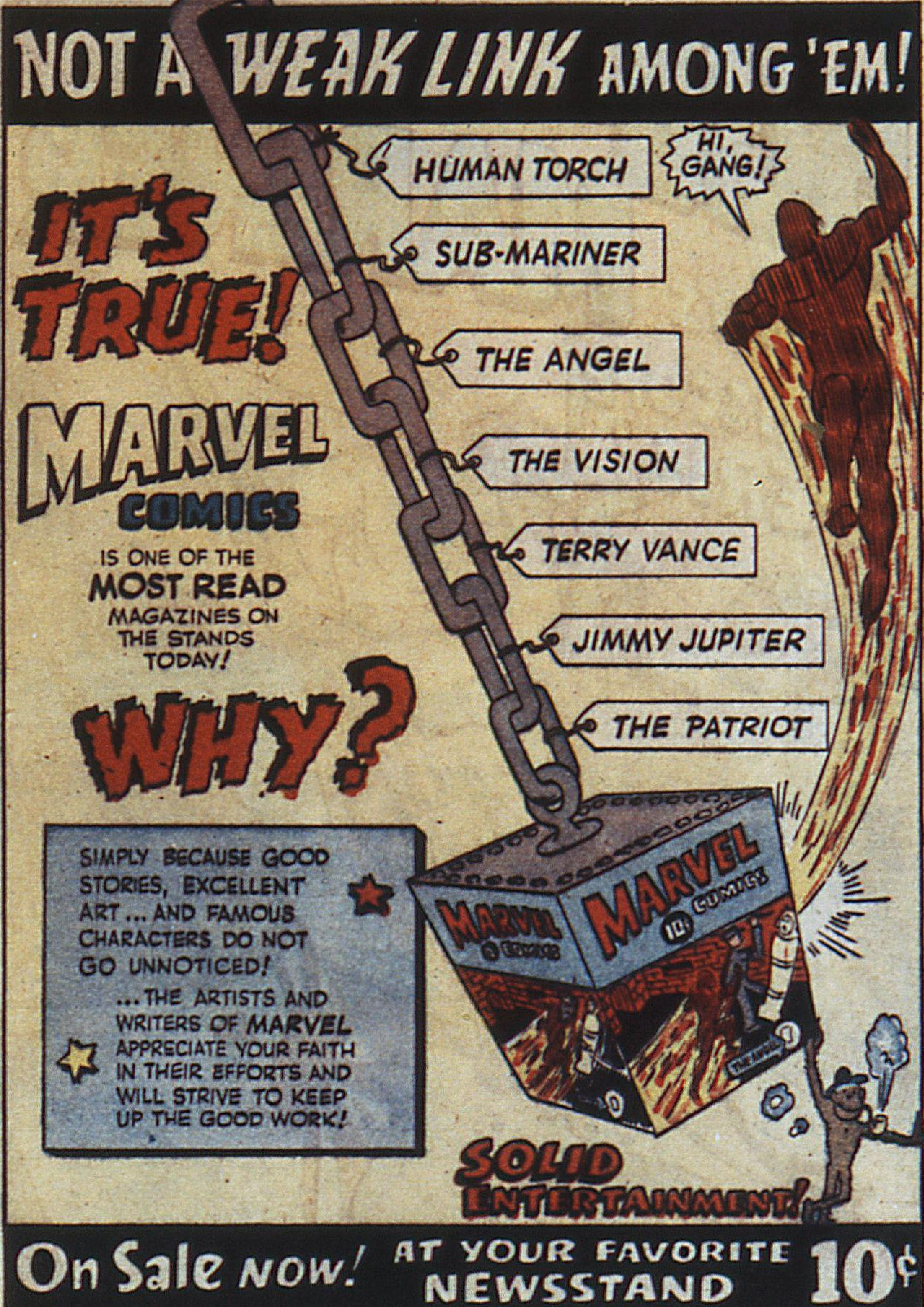

AS SLUG FALLS, BULLDOG COMMANDS THE MEN...
GRAB HIM! I'LL COVER HIM WITH MY GUN!
AN AMERICAN SHPY!
THAT'S IT! CROWD AROUND ME---THEN BULL-FACE CAN'T SHOOT!
SUDDENLY NAMOR LASHES OUT!
LOOK OUT! I'M COMING THROUGH!
OUCH!
A DROP KICK! LIKE IT?
HE SUDDENLY SOMERSAULTS BACKWARD---
LOOK OUT!
DON'T TRY TO HOLD A WRIGGLING EEL!
HEY!
AND LANDS ON HIS FEET!
NOW FOR THE ATTACK!
SHTOP HIM! SHTOP HIM!
MY FIRST OBJECTIVE IS TO ---
WE'RE TRYIN' TO!


KNOCK THE HEIL OUT OF HITLER'S STOOGE!
AGGGGGGG
... AND THEN TO MAKE CHOPPED CAVIAR OUT OF THE REST OF YOU FISH!
OH! -- MY HEAD! HE'S A WILD MAN!
OWW!
OOOUFF!
HEY!
I'LL TURN ON THE SWITCH ON DIS WOOD CHOPPER CHUTE!
SLUG SHOUTS!
PUSH HIM INTO THE WOOD CHOPPER! IT'S RUNNING!
SUB-MARINER HEARS THIS AND LOOKS BACK...
DANCING DOGFISH! -- THAT GADGETS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
JUST AS THE CROOKED TIMBER-TOPPERS RUSH HIM!
PUSH HIM IN! GOOT!
WE GOT HIM NOW!
OOPS! THEY KNOCKED ME OFF BALANCE! YOW!
CHOP HIM TO PIECES!
RRR RRRR!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!


BUT, AS SUB-MARINER FALLS INTO THE CHUTE. HIS ARM DARTS OUT! ...
AAAAAAA! NO! NO!
YOU COME WITH ME, SLUG!
... AND PULLS SLUG INTO THE CHOPPER! ...
AAAAAR!
CRUNCH! CRUNCH!
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED TO DO TO ME!
CRUNCH!
USING SLUG'S BODY AS A LEVER ...
I KNEW HE MUST BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!
CRUNCH! CRACK!
NAMOR LEAPS AT THE THUGS!
I'LL MOP YOU CLEANER THAN THE DECK OF AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP!
ACH! DESE AMERICANS!
OW!
I BEDDER BEAD IT VHILE I CAN!
... BUT SUB-MARINER SEES THIS!
LEMME GO!
I WILL--
... AND STOPS HIM!
RIGHT AT THE NAZI, BULLDOG!
AAAA!!!!!
13


SUB-MARINER DASHES OVER AND ---
I WANT YOU TWO LOP-EARED LIZARDS TO MEET EACH OTHER!
YOWW!
CLUNK!
NOW! GET BACK WITH THE REST OF THE MASHED MACKEREL!
ACH!
JUST THEN THE DOOR OPENS!
JOE! JOE PIERRE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
MAISIE!
AND ROYAL CANADIAN POLICE ENTER!
I'M OKAY! BUT THEY'RE NOT!
GOOD WORK, YANK!
WHERE'S THE DYNAMITE THE LADY WAS TALKING ABOUT?
WHAT A MAN! (SIGH)
YOU'LL FIND THE DYNAMITE HIDDEN BETWEEN FINISHED BOARDS ON A TRAILER TRUCK OUTSIDE!
GOOD!
WE'RE HOLDING THESE MEN FOR MURDER AND SABOTEURS, THANKS TO YOU!
...AND I'LL BE A WITNESS!
CLUCKING CLAMS! I ALMOST FORGOT!
8


IT'S ALMOST SUNRISE AND THE MEN ARE WAITING FOR THEIR DYNAMITE RATIONS!
RIGHT! THERE'S ANOTHER SHIPMENT DUE! THEIR WORK IS VERY IMPORTANT!
SOON AFTER, THEY LOAD THE DYNAMITE AND HEAD BACK TO THE LATE JIM BLAKE'S CAMP...
GUESS THOSE LUMBERMEN'LL BE MIGHTY GLAD TO GET THIS DYNAMITE BACK!
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE
YES.. AND BLAKE'S WIDOW CAN TAKE OVER HER HUSBAND'S JOB IN PEACE!
AN HOUR LATER--AT THE CAMP!
ALL RIGHT! COME AND GET IT!
GOOD! IT'S THE DYNAMITE! MY CAR'S ALL SET!
SO SLUG GUNDY GOT HIS!
MRS. BLAKE TAKES TO THE JOB LIKE A TROOPER...
ALL RIGHT, MEN ---LINE FORMS TO THE RIGHT!
IT'S LIKE OLD TIMES, MRS. BLAKE!
LATER... ON A WHARF... MAISIE ASKS "JOE PIERRE" A QUESTION!
WHO ARE YOU? IS YOUR NAME REALLY JOE PIERRE?
MY REAL NAME IS NAMOR --BUT MOST PEOPLE JUST CALL ME ---
--- THE SUB-MARINER!
SO LONG, MAISIE -- AND GOOD LUCK!
NOT THE FAMOUS SUB-MARINER!? CATCH ME, SOMEBODY, I'M GONNA FAINT!
OHHH!
20
... AND ONCE AGAIN SUB-MARINER DOES HIS PART!
HOW ABOUT YOU?
IT'S REALLY SIMPLE!
FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
SUB-MARINER WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



NOT A WEAK LINK AMONG 'EM!

HUMAN TORCH
SUB-MARINER
THE ANGEL
THE VISION
TERRY VANCE
JIMMY JUPITER
THE PATRIOT
HI, GANG!
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THE ANGEL

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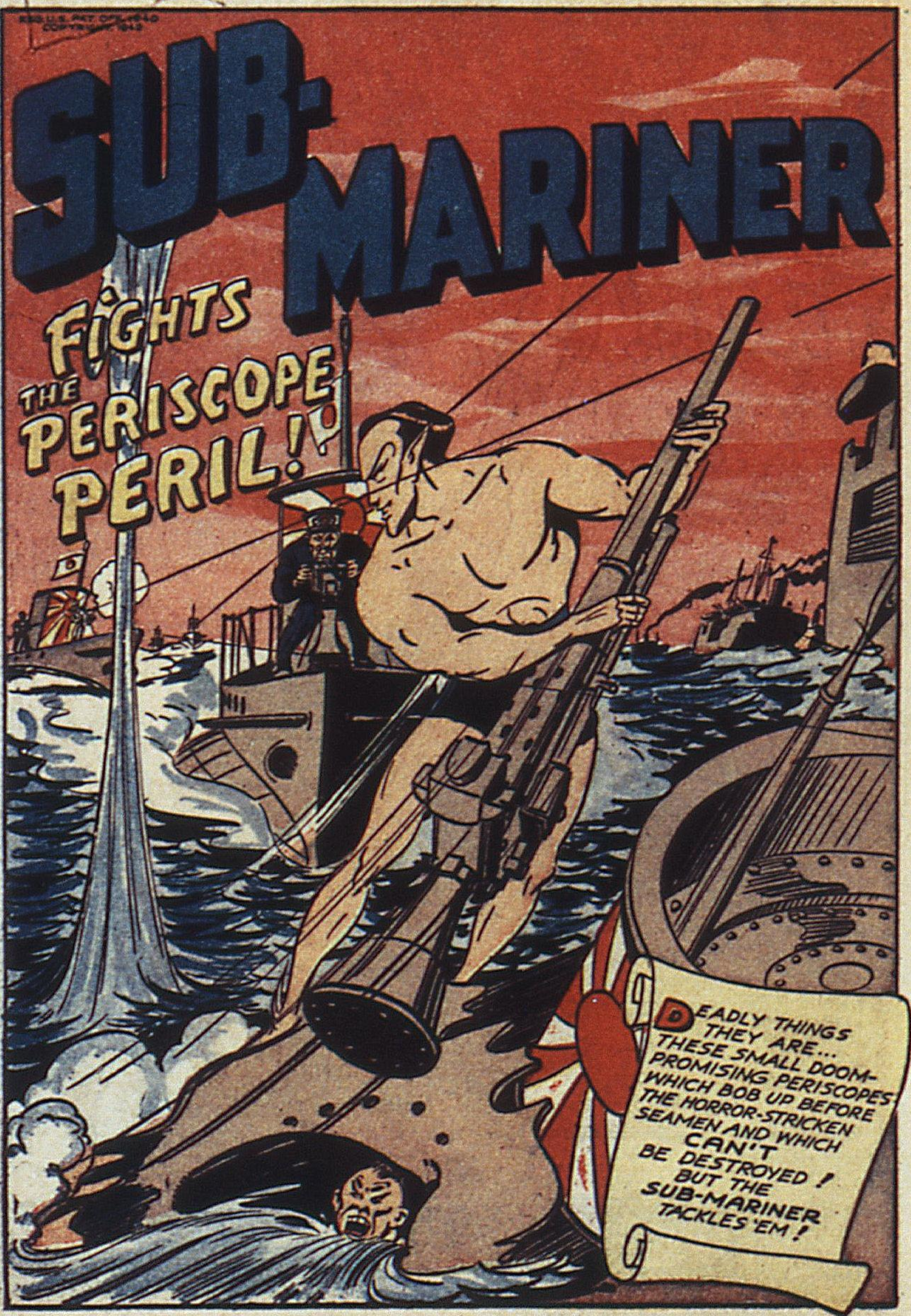
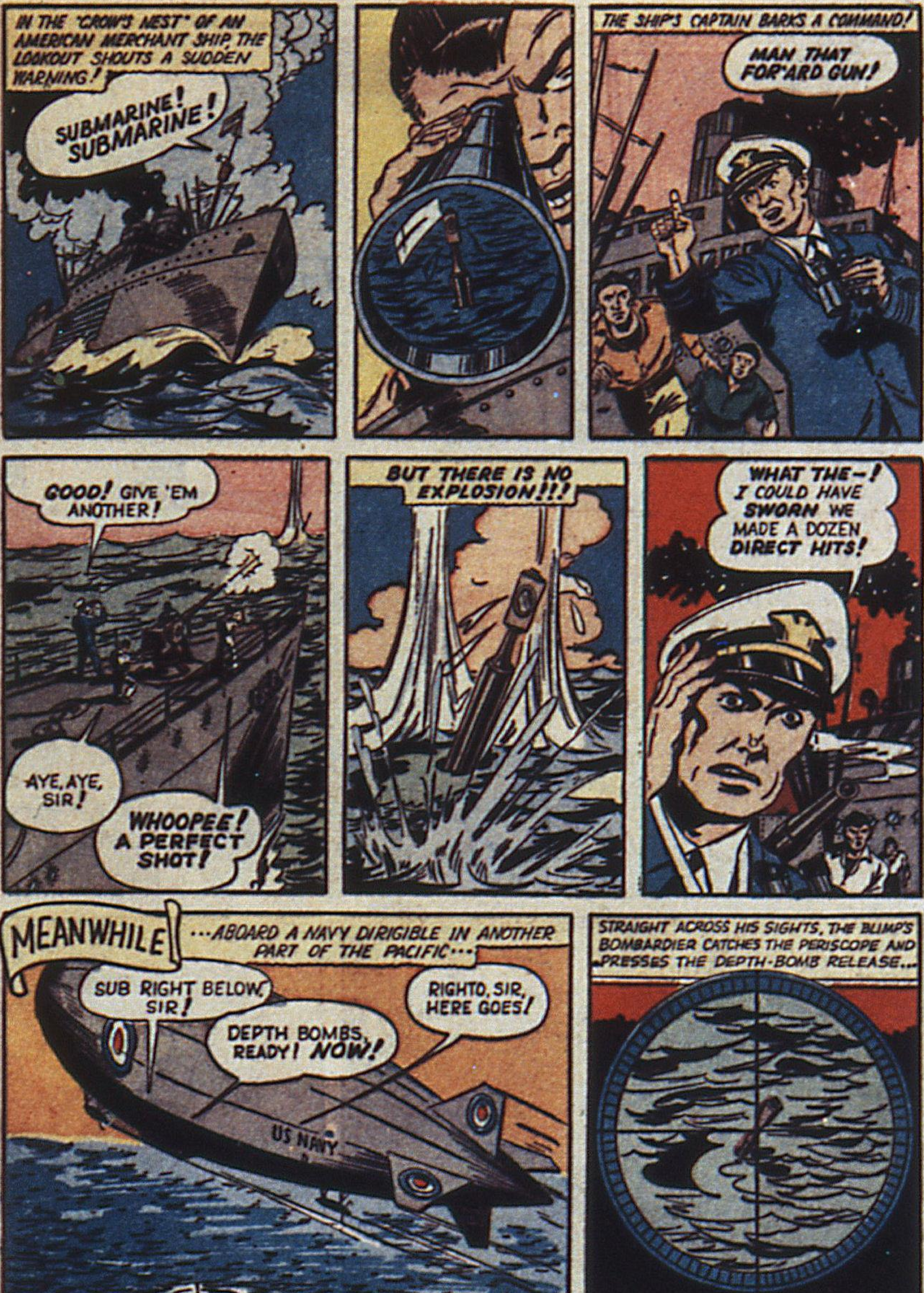
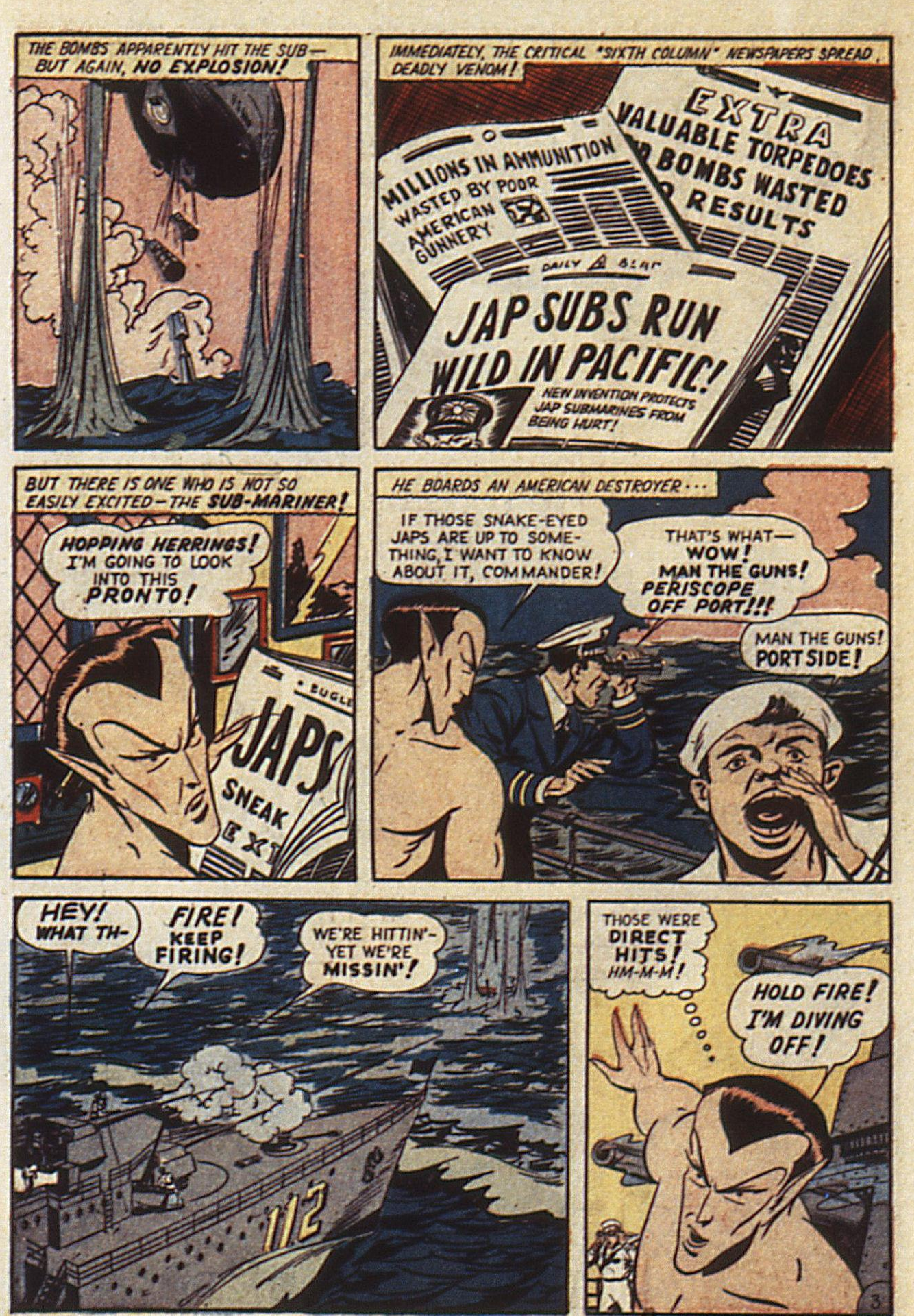
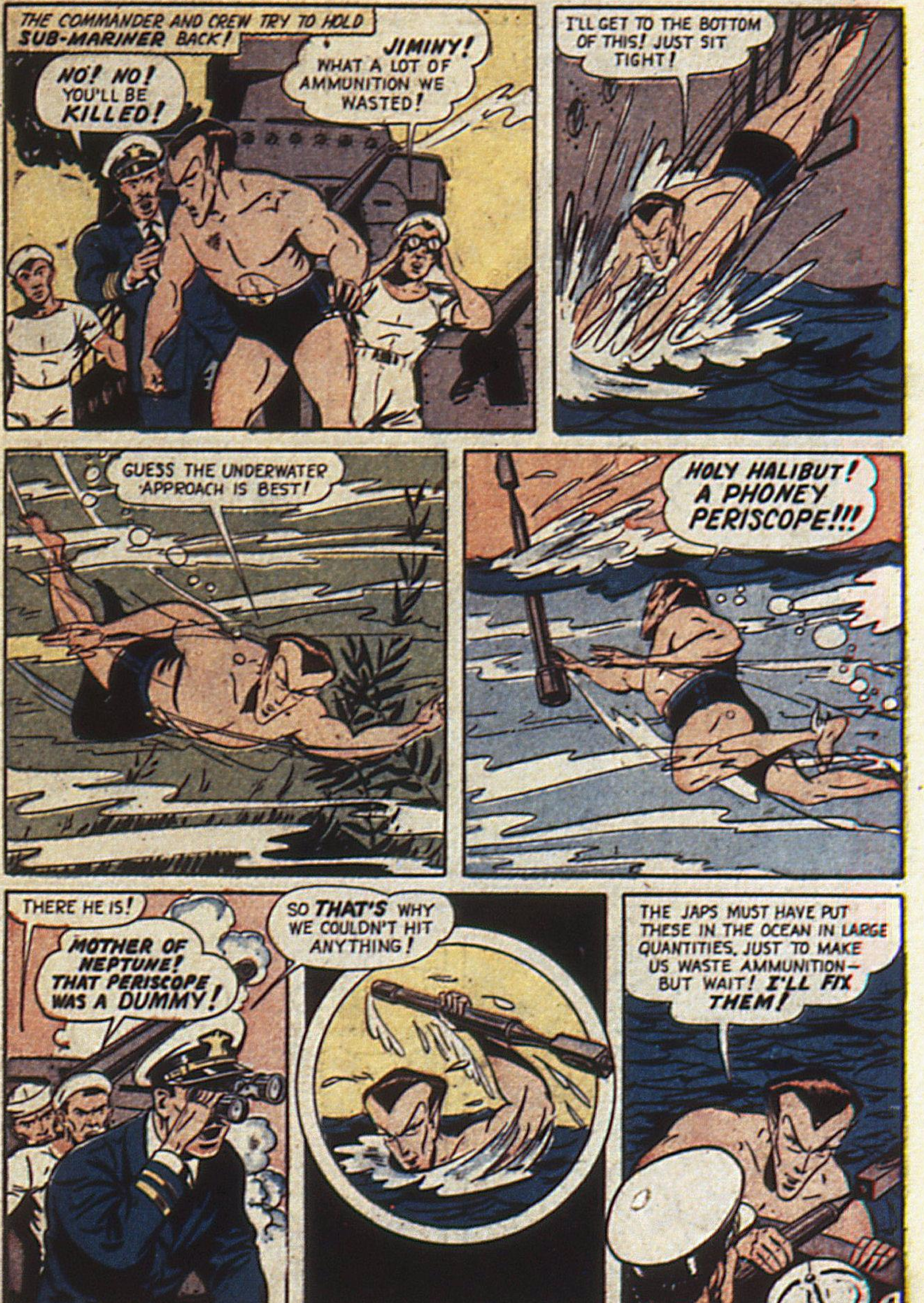
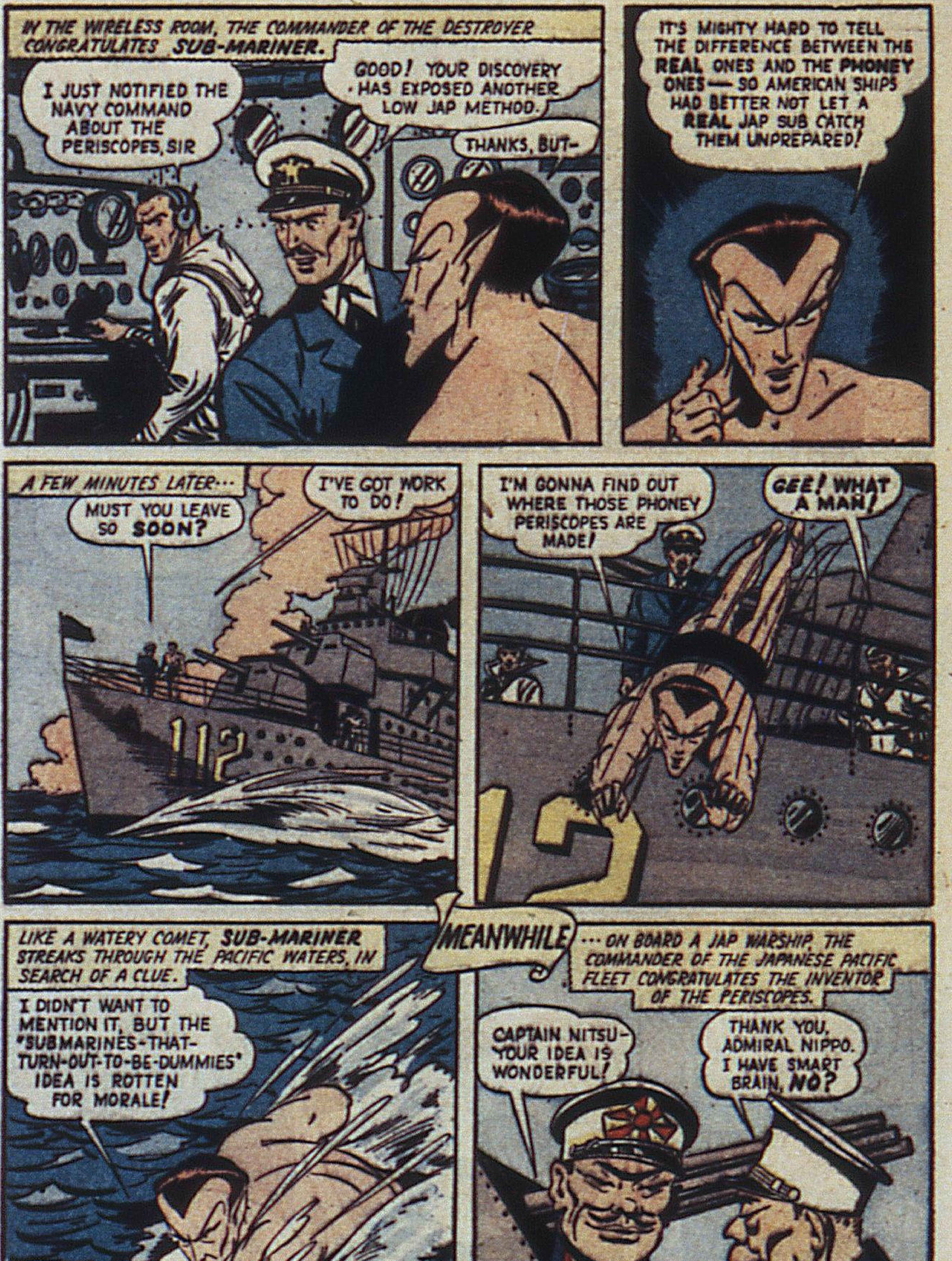
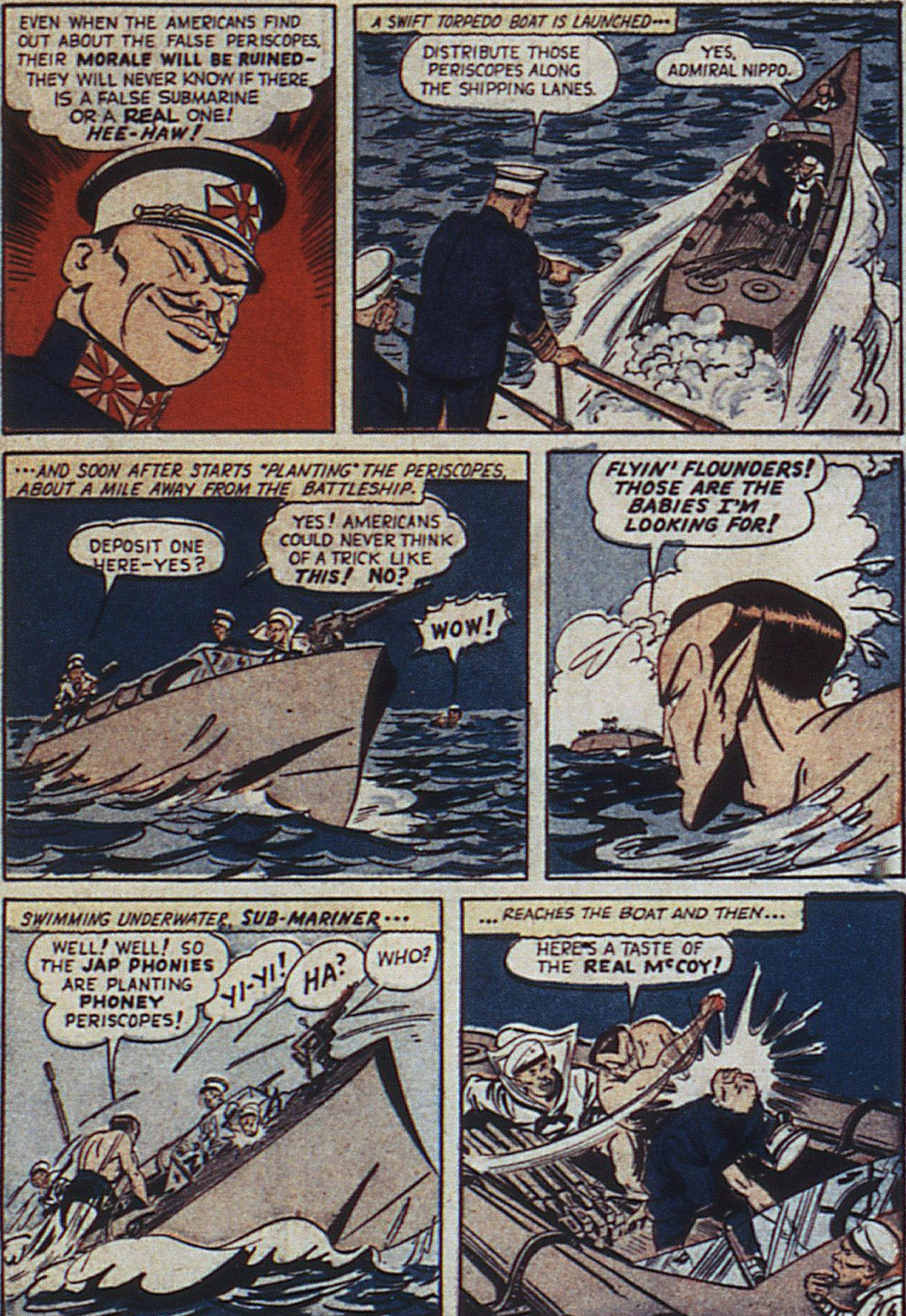

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. 1940
COPYRIGHT 1942
SUB-MARINER
FIGHTS THE PERISCOPE PERIL!
DEADLY THINGS THEY ARE... THESE SMALL DOOM-PROMISING PERISCOPES WHICH BOB UP BEFORE THE HORROR-STRICKEN SEAMEN AND WHICH CAN'T BE DESTROYED! BUT THE SUB-MARINER TACKLES 'EM!

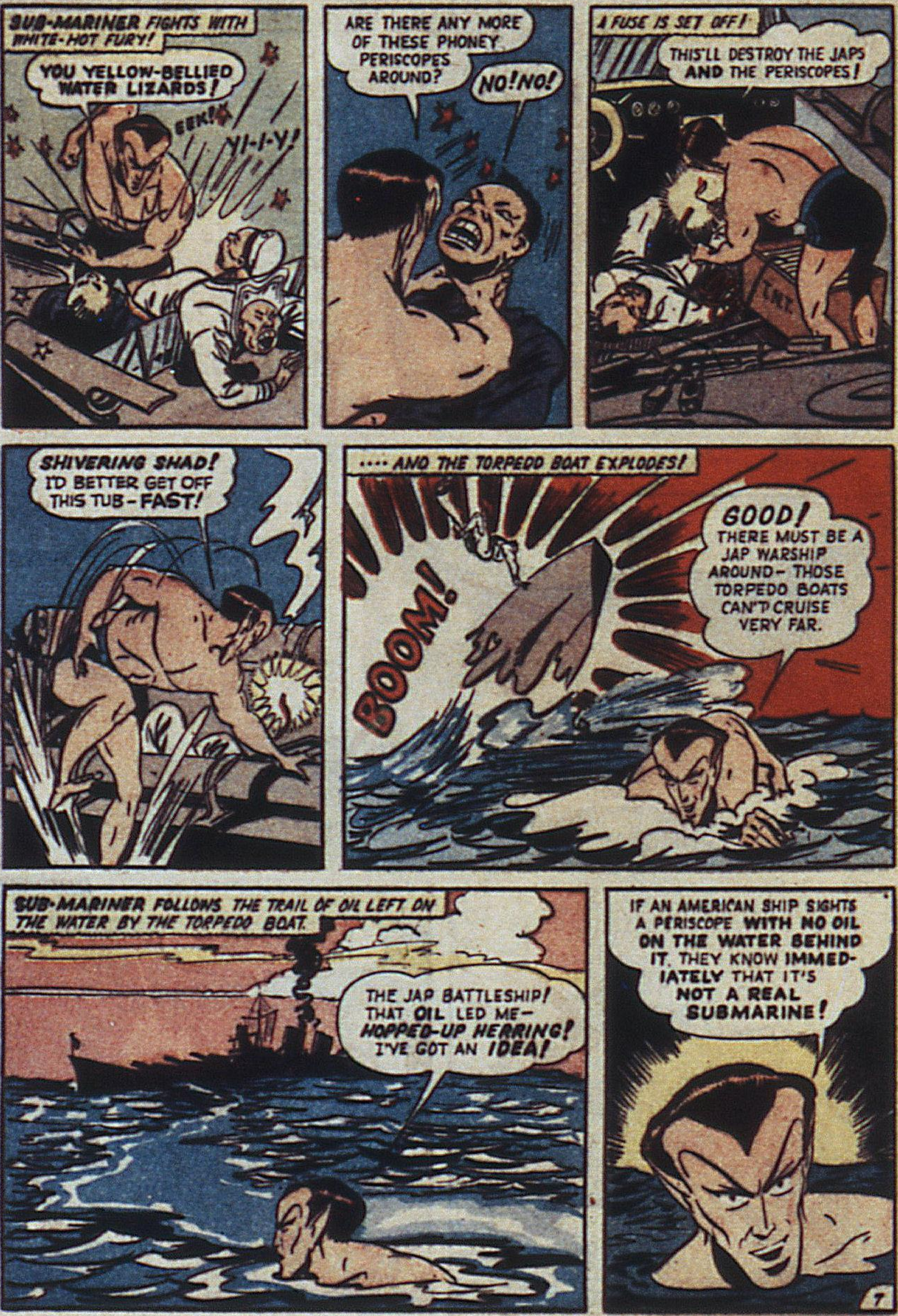

IN THE "CROW'S NEST" OF AN AMERICAN MERCHANT SHIP, THE LOOKOUT SHOUTS A SUDDEN WARNING!
SUBMARINE! SUBMARINE!
THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN BARKS A COMMAND!
MAN THAT FOR'ARD GUN!
GOOD! GIVE 'EM ANOTHER!
AYE, AYE, SIR!
WHOOPEE! A PERFECT SHOT!
BUT THERE IS NO EXPLOSION!!!
WHAT THE—! I COULD HAVE SWORN WE MADE A DOZEN DIRECT HITS!
MEANWHILE
...ABOARD A NAVY DIRIGIBLE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE PACIFIC...
SUB RIGHT BELOW, SIR!
DEPTH BOMBS, READY! NOW!
RIGHTO, SIR, HERE GOES!
US NAVY
STRAIGHT ACROSS HIS SIGHTS, THE BLIMP'S BOMBARDIER CATCHES THE PERISCOPE AND PRESSES THE DEPTH-BOMB RELEASE...

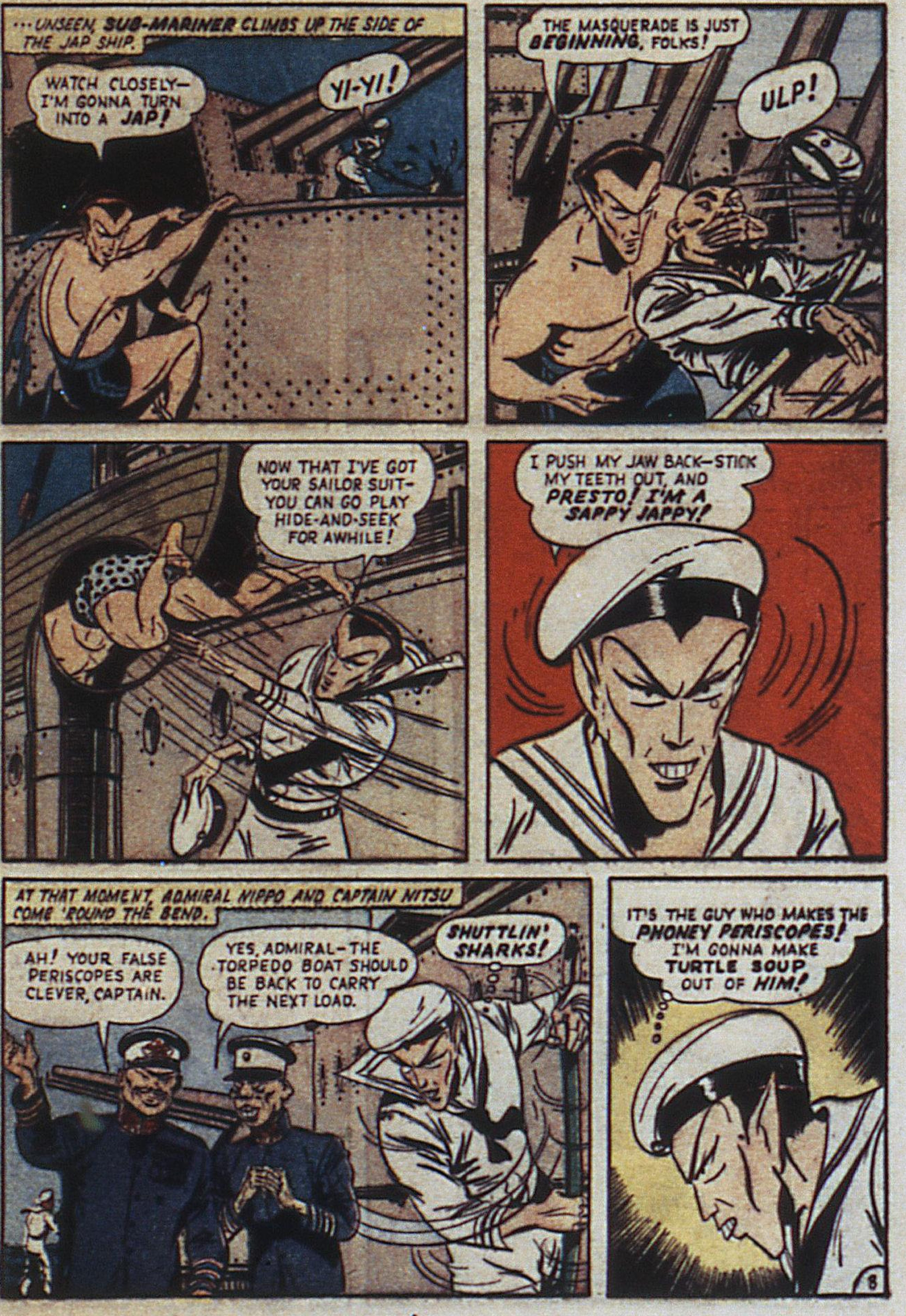

THE BOMBS APPARENTLY HIT THE SUB— BUT AGAIN, NO EXPLOSION!
IMMEDIATELY, THE CRITICAL "SIXTH COLUMN" NEWSPAPERS SPREAD DEADLY VENOM!
EXTRA
VALUABLE TORPEDOES
BOMBS WASTED
RESULTS
MILLIONS IN AMMUNITION WASTED BY POOR AMERICAN GUNNERY
DAILY BLAB
JAP SUBS RUN WILD IN PACIFIC!
NEW INVENTION PROTECTS JAP SUBMARINES FROM BEING HURT!
BUT THERE IS ONE WHO IS NOT SO EASILY EXCITED—THE SUB-MARINER!
HOPPING HERRINGS! I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS PRONTO!
BUGLE
JAPS
SNEAK
HE BOARDS AN AMERICAN DESTROYER···
IF THOSE SNAKE-EYED JAPS ARE UP TO SOMETHING, I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT, COMMANDER!
THAT'S WHAT— WOW! MAN THE GUNS! PERISCOPE OFF PORT!!!
MAN THE GUNS! PORT SIDE!
HEY! WHAT TH-
FIRE! KEEP FIRING!
WE'RE HITTIN'- YET WE'RE MISSIN'!
112
THOSE WERE DIRECT HITS! HM-M-M!
HOLD FIRE! I'M DIVING OFF!
3

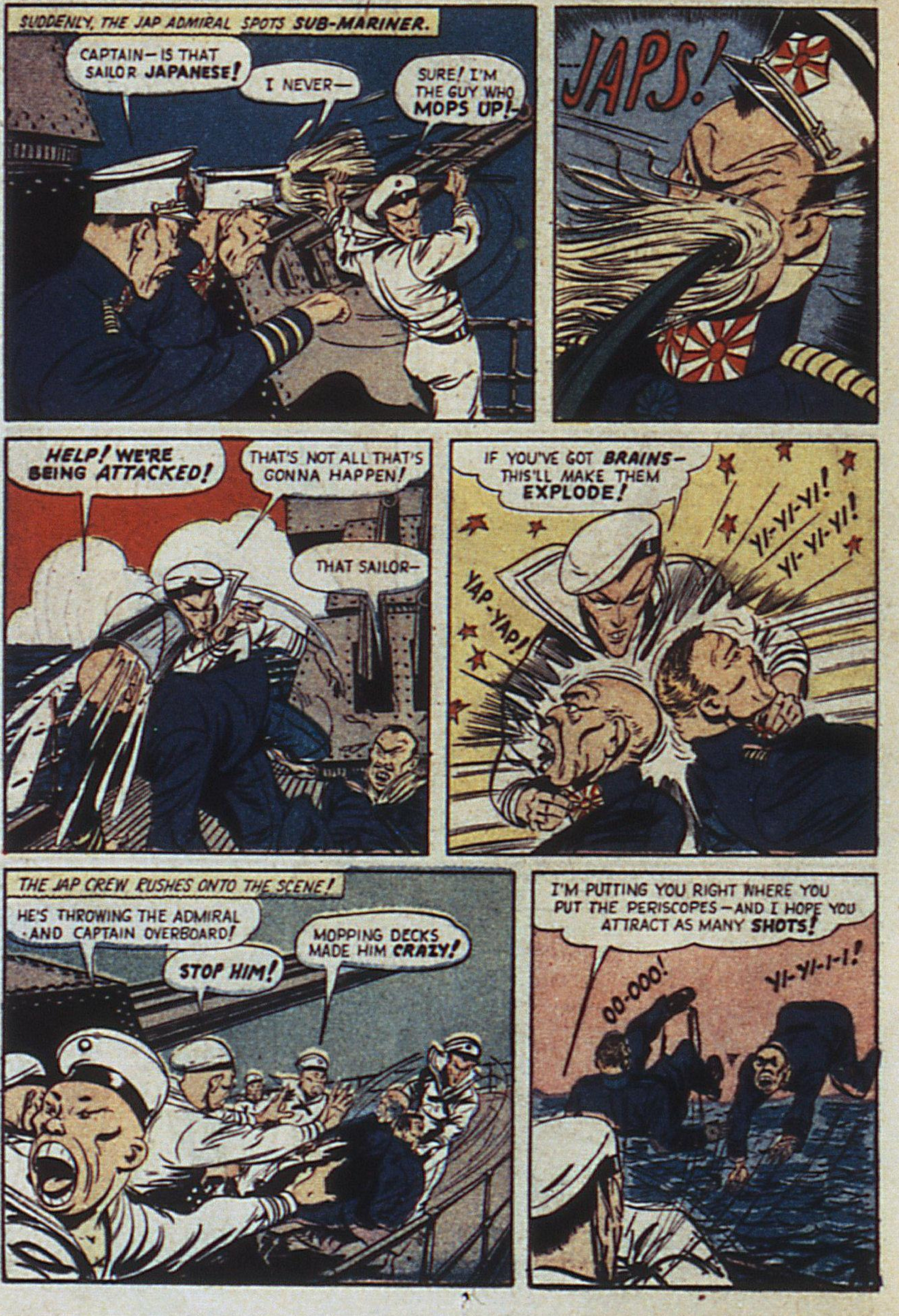

THE COMMANDER AND CREW TRY TO HOLD SUB-MARINER BACK!
NO! NO! YOU'LL BE KILLED!
JIMINY! WHAT A LOT OF AMMUNITION WE WASTED!
I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! JUST SIT TIGHT!
GUESS THE UNDERWATER APPROACH IS BEST!
HOLY HALIBUT! A PHONEY PERISCOPE!!!
THERE HE IS!
MOTHER OF NEPTUNE! THAT PERISCOPE WAS A DUMMY!
SO THAT'S WHY WE COULDN'T HIT ANYTHING!
THE JAPS MUST HAVE PUT THESE IN THE OCEAN IN LARGE QUANTITIES, JUST TO MAKE US WASTE AMMUNITION— BUT WAIT! I'LL FIX THEM!

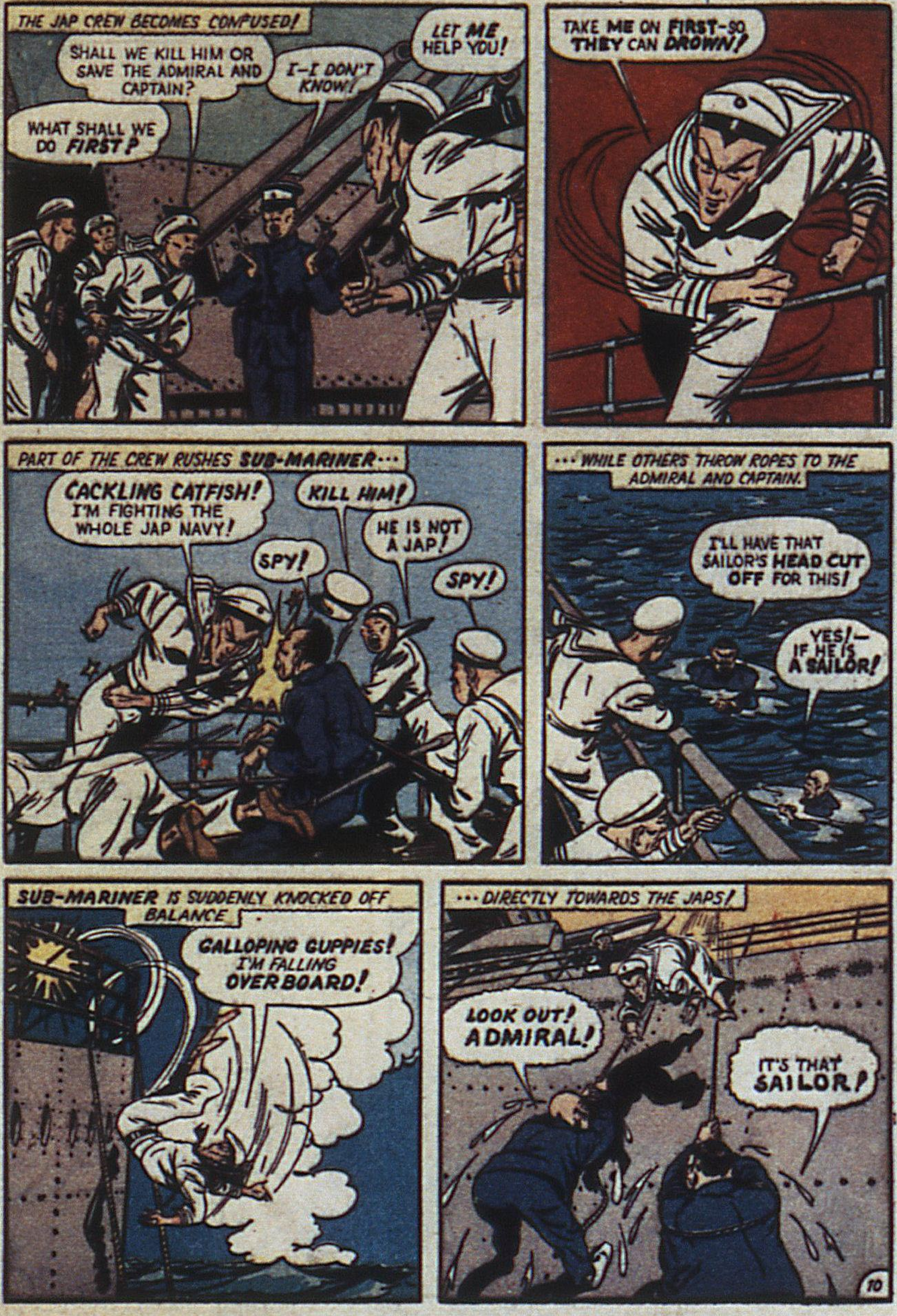

IN THE WIRELESS ROOM, THE COMMANDER OF THE DESTROYER CONGRATULATES SUB-MARINER.
I JUST NOTIFIED THE NAVY COMMAND ABOUT THE PERISCOPES, SIR
GOOD! YOUR DISCOVERY HAS EXPOSED ANOTHER LOW JAP METHOD.
THANKS, BUT-
IT'S MIGHTY HARD TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE REAL ONES AND THE PHONEY ONES— SO AMERICAN SHIPS HAD BETTER NOT LET A REAL JAP SUB CATCH THEM UNPREPARED!
A FEW MINUTES LATER…
MUST YOU LEAVE SO SOON?
I'VE GOT WORK TO DO!
112
I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHERE THOSE PHONEY PERISCOPES ARE MADE!
GEE! WHAT A MAN!
LIKE A WATERY COMET, SUB-MARINER STREAKS THROUGH THE PACIFIC WATERS, IN SEARCH OF A CLUE.
I DIDN'T WANT TO MENTION IT, BUT THE "SUBMARINES-THAT-TURN-OUT-TO-BE-DUMMIES" IDEA IS ROTTEN FOR MORALE!
MEANWHILE
…ON BOARD A JAP WARSHIP, THE COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE PACIFIC FLEET CONGRATULATES THE INVENTOR OF THE PERISCOPES.
CAPTAIN NITSU- YOUR IDEA IS WONDERFUL!
THANK YOU, ADMIRAL NIPPO. I HAVE SMART BRAIN, NO?

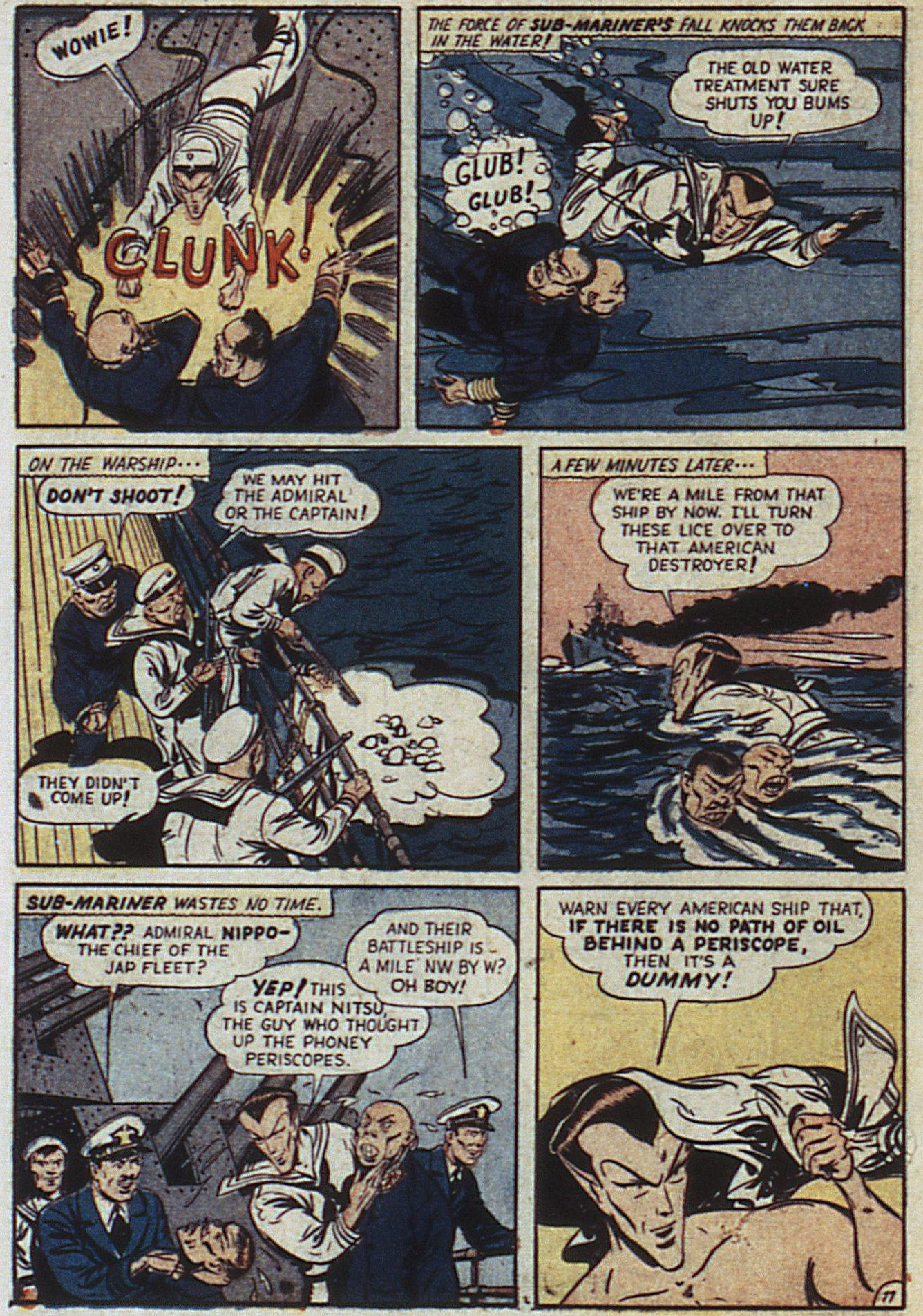

EVEN WHEN THE AMERICANS FIND OUT ABOUT THE FALSE PERISCOPES, THEIR MORALE WILL BE RUINED— THEY WILL NEVER KNOW IF THERE IS A FALSE SUBMARINE OR A REAL ONE! HEE-HAW!
A SWIFT TORPEDO BOAT IS LAUNCHED···
DISTRIBUTE THOSE PERISCOPES ALONG THE SHIPPING LANES.
YES, ADMIRAL NIPPO.
···AND SOON AFTER STARTS "PLANTING" THE PERISCOPES, ABOUT A MILE AWAY FROM THE BATTLESHIP.
DEPOSIT ONE HERE—YES?
YES! AMERICANS COULD NEVER THINK OF A TRICK LIKE THIS! NO?
WOW!
FLYIN' FLOUNDERS! THOSE ARE THE BABIES I'M LOOKING FOR!
SWIMMING UNDERWATER, SUB-MARINER···
WELL! WELL! SO THE JAP PHONIES ARE PLANTING PHONEY PERISCOPES!
YI-YI!
HA?
WHO?
...REACHES THE BOAT AND THEN...
HERE'S A TASTE OF THE REAL McCOY!
6


SUB-MARINER FIGHTS WITH WHITE-HOT FURY!
YOU YELLOW-BELLIED WATER LIZARDS!
EEK!
YI-I-Y!
ARE THERE ANY MORE OF THESE PHONEY PERISCOPES AROUND?
NO! NO!
A FUSE IS SET OFF!
THIS'LL DESTROY THE JAPS AND THE PERISCOPES!
T.N.T.
SHIVERING SHAD! I'D BETTER GET OFF THIS TUB - FAST!
.... AND THE TORPEDO BOAT EXPLODES!
BOOM!
GOOD! THERE MUST BE A JAP WARSHIP AROUND - THOSE TORPEDO BOATS CAN'T CRUISE VERY FAR.
SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF OIL LEFT ON THE WATER BY THE TORPEDO BOAT.
THE JAP BATTLESHIP! THAT OIL LED ME - HOPPED-UP HERRING! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
IF AN AMERICAN SHIP SIGHTS A PERISCOPE WITH NO OIL ON THE WATER BEHIND IT, THEY KNOW IMMEDIATELY THAT IT'S NOT A REAL SUBMARINE!

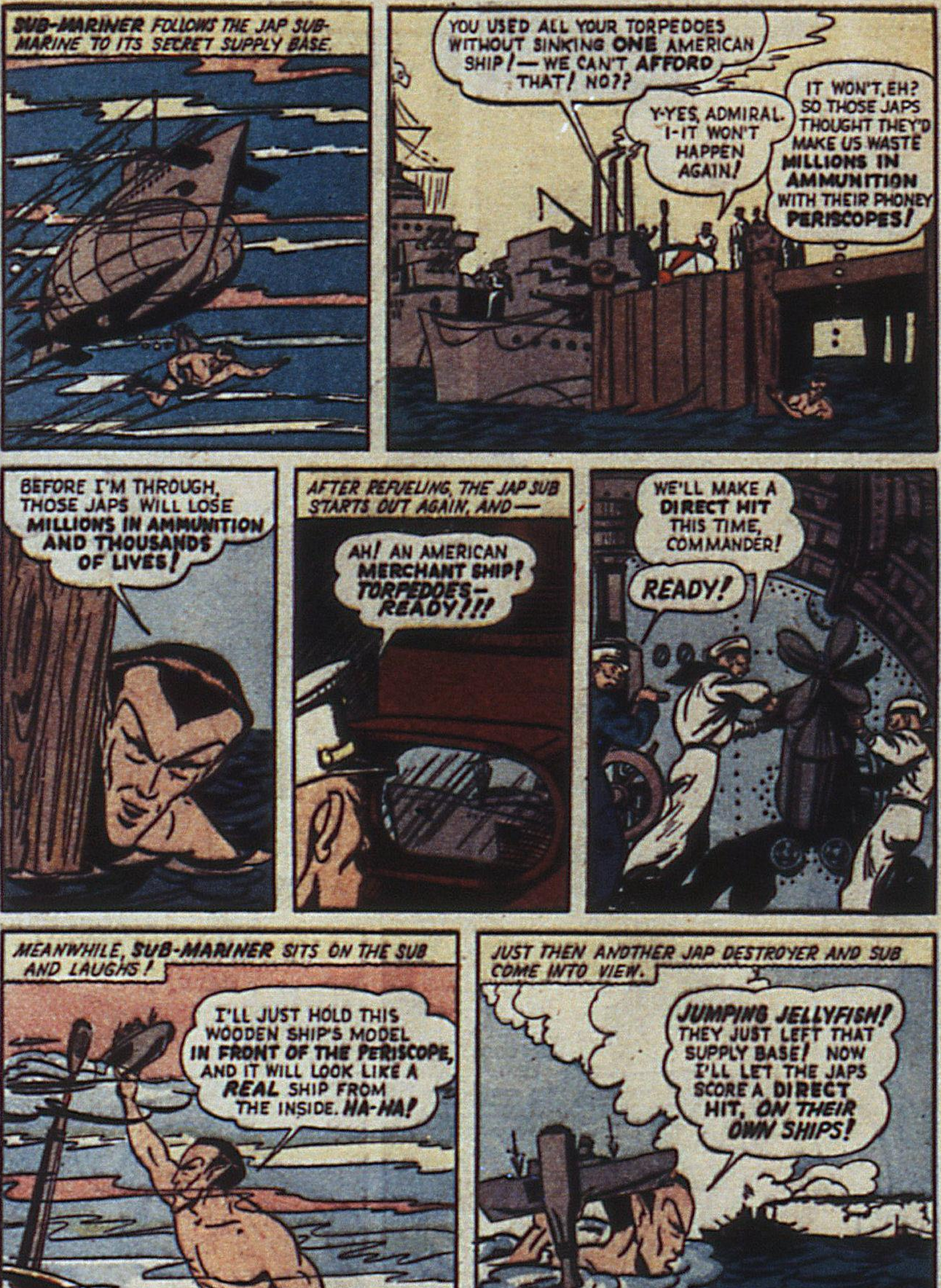

...UNSEEN, SUB-MARINER CLIMBS UP THE SIDE OF THE JAP SHIP.
WATCH CLOSELY— I'M GONNA TURN INTO A JAP!
YI-YI!
THE MASQUERADE IS JUST BEGINNING, FOLKS!
ULP!
NOW THAT I'VE GOT YOUR SAILOR SUIT— YOU CAN GO PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK FOR AWHILE!
I PUSH MY JAW BACK—STICK MY TEETH OUT, AND PRESTO! I'M A SAPPY JAPPY!
AT THAT MOMENT, ADMIRAL NIPPO AND CAPTAIN NITSU COME 'ROUND THE BEND.
AH! YOUR FALSE PERISCOPES ARE CLEVER, CAPTAIN.
YES, ADMIRAL—THE TORPEDO BOAT SHOULD BE BACK TO CARRY THE NEXT LOAD.
SHUTTLIN' SHARKS!
IT'S THE GUY WHO MAKES THE PHONEY PERISCOPES! I'M GONNA MAKE TURTLE SOUP OUT OF HIM!

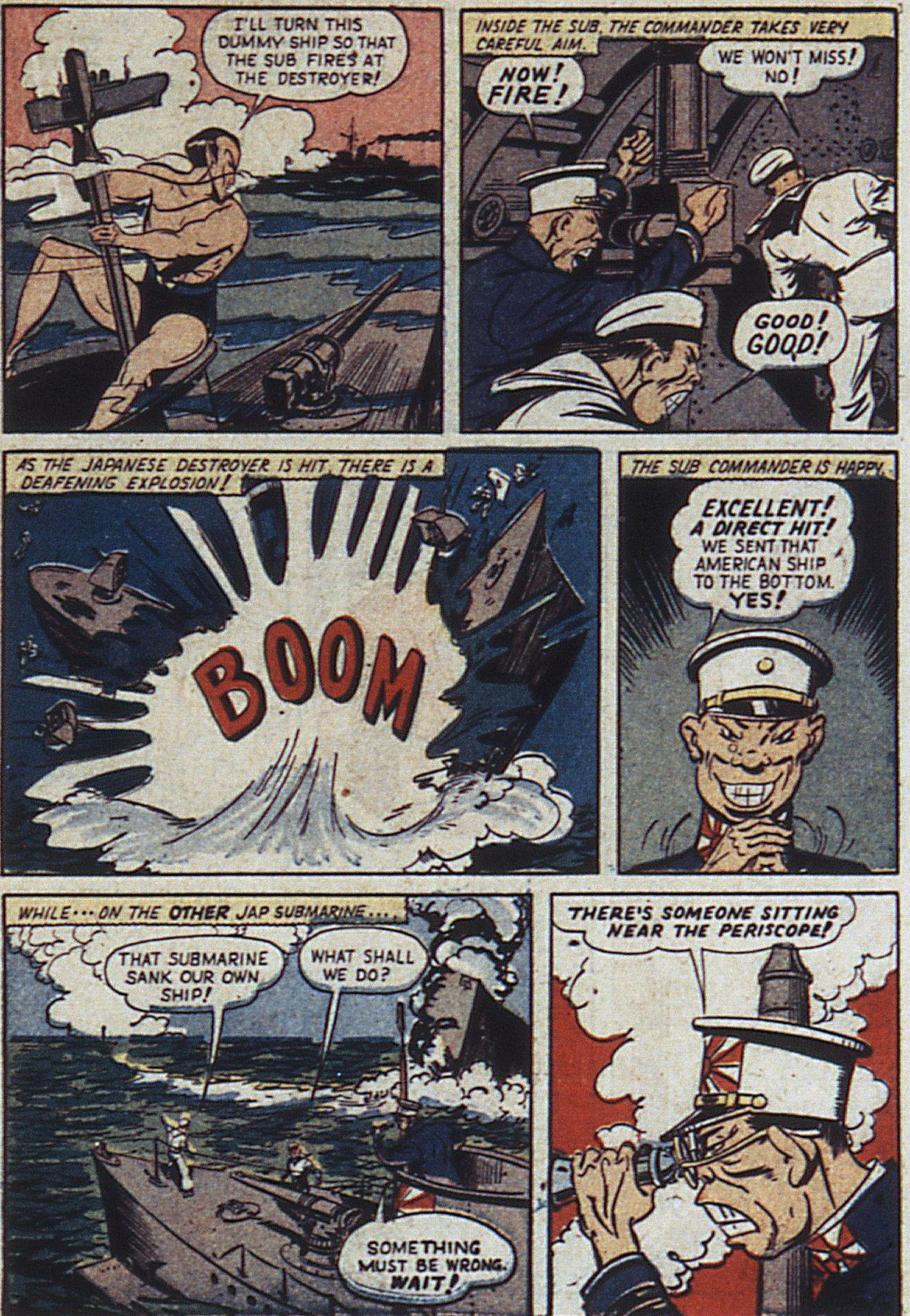

SUDDENLY, THE JAP ADMIRAL SPOTS SUB-MARINER.
CAPTAIN—IS THAT SAILOR JAPANESE!
I NEVER—
SURE! I'M THE GUY WHO MOPS UP!
JAPS!
HELP! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
THAT'S NOT ALL THAT'S GONNA HAPPEN!
THAT SAILOR—
IF YOU'VE GOT BRAINS—THIS'LL MAKE THEM EXPLODE!
YI-YI-YI!
YI-YI-YI!
YAP-YAP!
THE JAP CREW RUSHES ONTO THE SCENE!
HE'S THROWING THE ADMIRAL AND CAPTAIN OVERBOARD!
STOP HIM!
MOPPING DECKS MADE HIM CRAZY!
I'M PUTTING YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU PUT THE PERISCOPES—AND I HOPE YOU ATTRACT AS MANY SHOTS!
OO-OOO!
YI-YI-I-I!

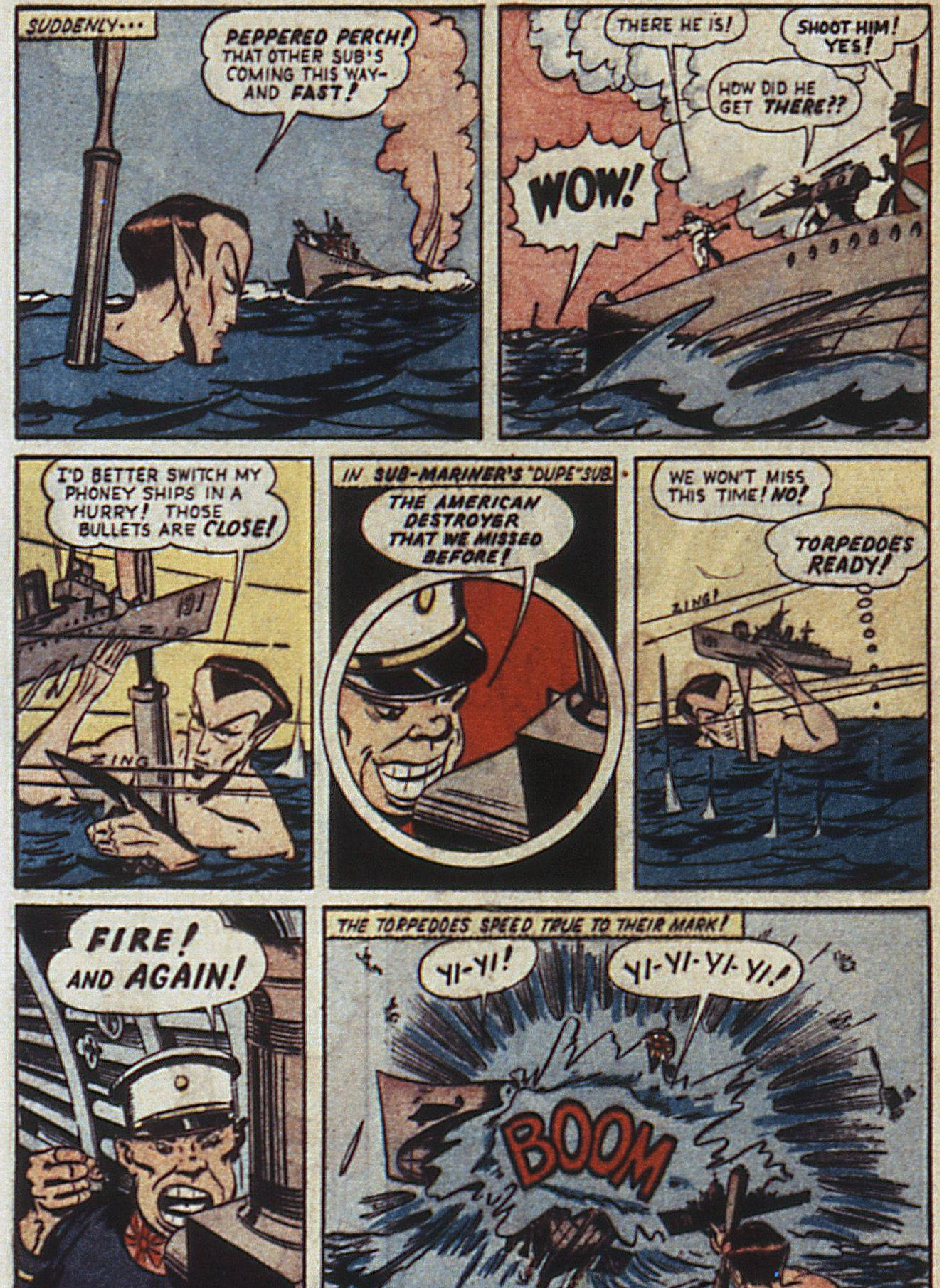

THE JAP CREW BECOMES CONFUSED!
SHALL WE KILL HIM OR SAVE THE ADMIRAL AND CAPTAIN?
I—I DON'T KNOW!
LET ME HELP YOU!
WHAT SHALL WE DO FIRST?
TAKE ME ON FIRST—SO THEY CAN DROWN!
PART OF THE CREW RUSHES SUB-MARINER...
CACKLING CATFISH! I'M FIGHTING THE WHOLE JAP NAVY!
KILL HIM!
HE IS NOT A JAP!
SPY!
SPY!
...WHILE OTHERS THROW ROPES TO THE ADMIRAL AND CAPTAIN.
I'LL HAVE THAT SAILOR'S HEAD CUT OFF FOR THIS!
YES!— IF HE IS A SAILOR!
SUB-MARINER IS SUDDENLY KNOCKED OFF BALANCE
GALLOPING GUPPIES! I'M FALLING OVERBOARD!
...DIRECTLY TOWARDS THE JAPS!
LOOK OUT! ADMIRAL!
IT'S THAT SAILOR!
10

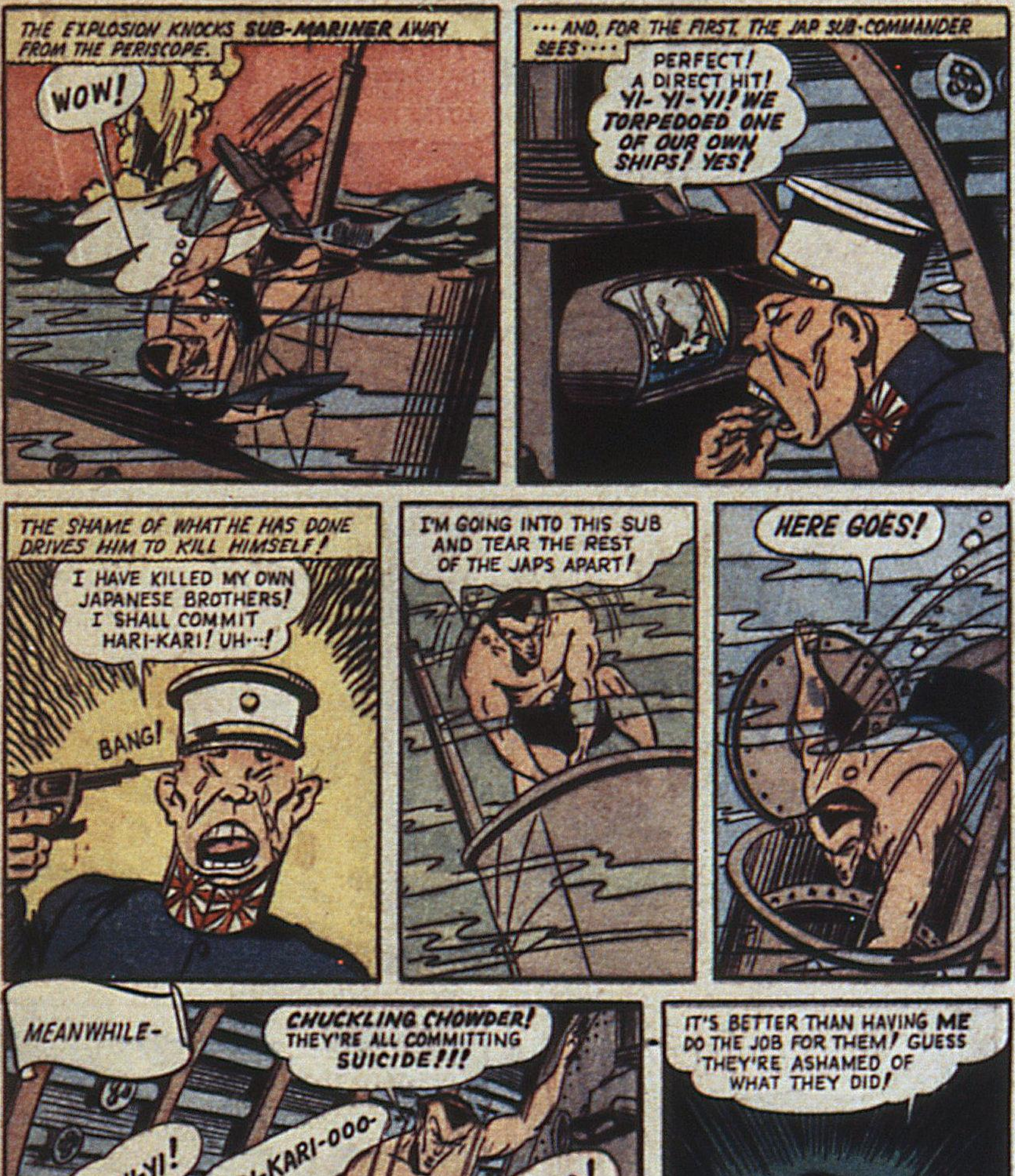

WOWIE!
CLUNK!
THE FORCE OF SUB-MARINER'S FALL KNOCKS THEM BACK IN THE WATER!
THE OLD WATER TREATMENT SURE SHUTS YOU BUMS UP!
GLUB! GLUB!
ON THE WARSHIP...
DON'T SHOOT!
WE MAY HIT THE ADMIRAL OR THE CAPTAIN!
THEY DIDN'T COME UP!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WE'RE A MILE FROM THAT SHIP BY NOW. I'LL TURN THESE LICE OVER TO THAT AMERICAN DESTROYER!
SUB-MARINER WASTES NO TIME.
WHAT?? ADMIRAL NIPPO- THE CHIEF OF THE JAP FLEET?
AND THEIR BATTLESHIP IS A MILE NW BY W? OH BOY!
YEP! THIS IS CAPTAIN NITSU, THE GUY WHO THOUGHT UP THE PHONEY PERISCOPES.
WARN EVERY AMERICAN SHIP THAT, IF THERE IS NO PATH OF OIL BEHIND A PERISCOPE, THEN IT'S A DUMMY!

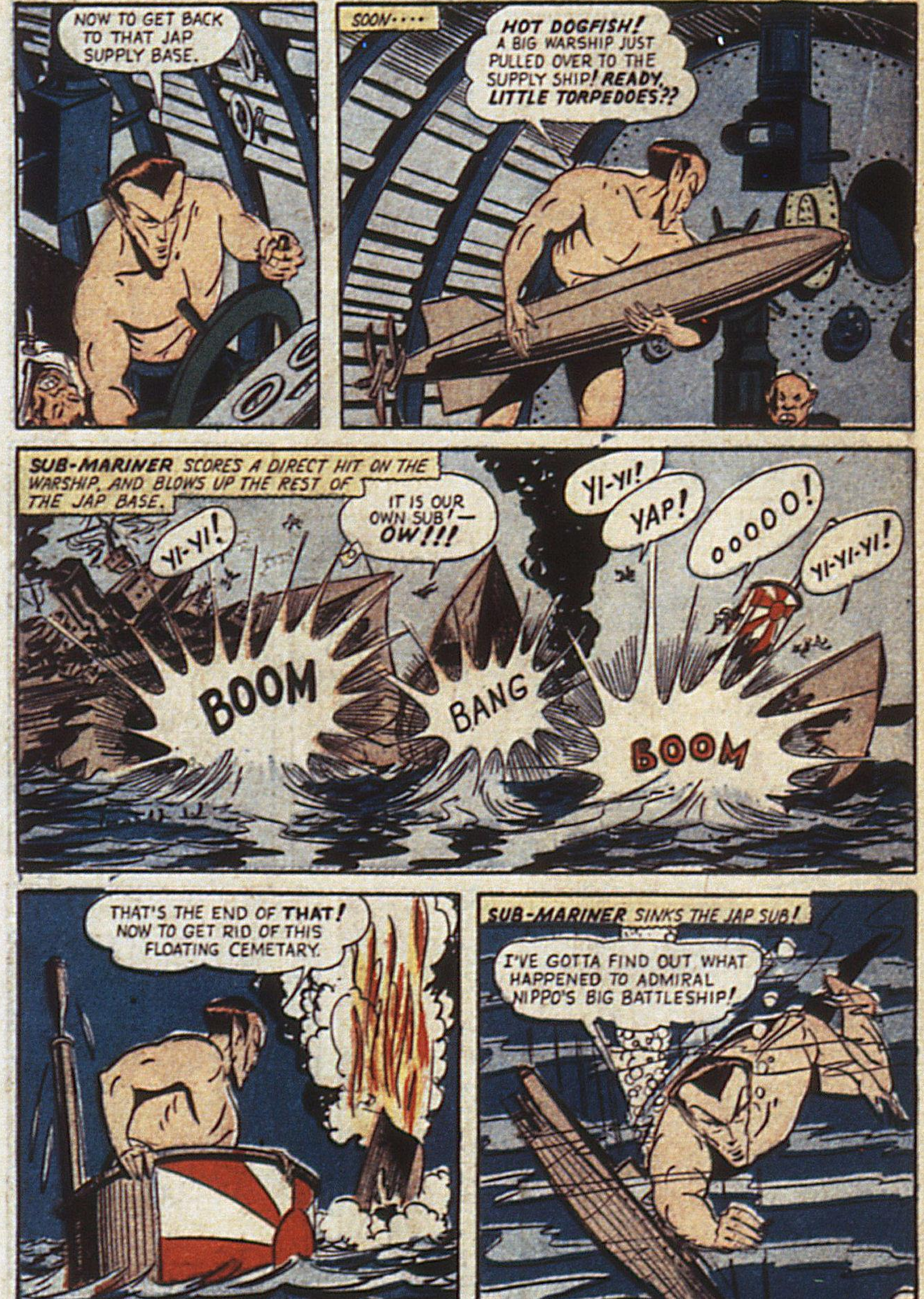
SUB-MARINER HAS A BOLD PLAN.
PHONEY PERISCOPES, EH? WELL, I'LL SHOW THOSE JAPS A LITTLE AMERICAN TRICK!
SHIPS CARPENTER
HALF AN HOUR LATER....
NOW TO FIND A JAP OR NAZI SUB!
A FEW HOURS LATER, INSIDE A JAPANESE SUBMARINE....
AN AMERICAN DESTROYER! TORPEDOES READY!!!
TORPEDOES READY!
FIRE! GOOD! PERFECT!
FIRE! ONE!
FIRE! TWO!
THREE READY!
EVERY SHOT WAS PERFECT! NO??
WHERE IS THE EXPLOSION? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!!!
WE HAVE NO TORPEDOES LEFT!
WE CANNOT RISE TO THE SURFACE!— WE MUST RETURN TO OUR BASE!

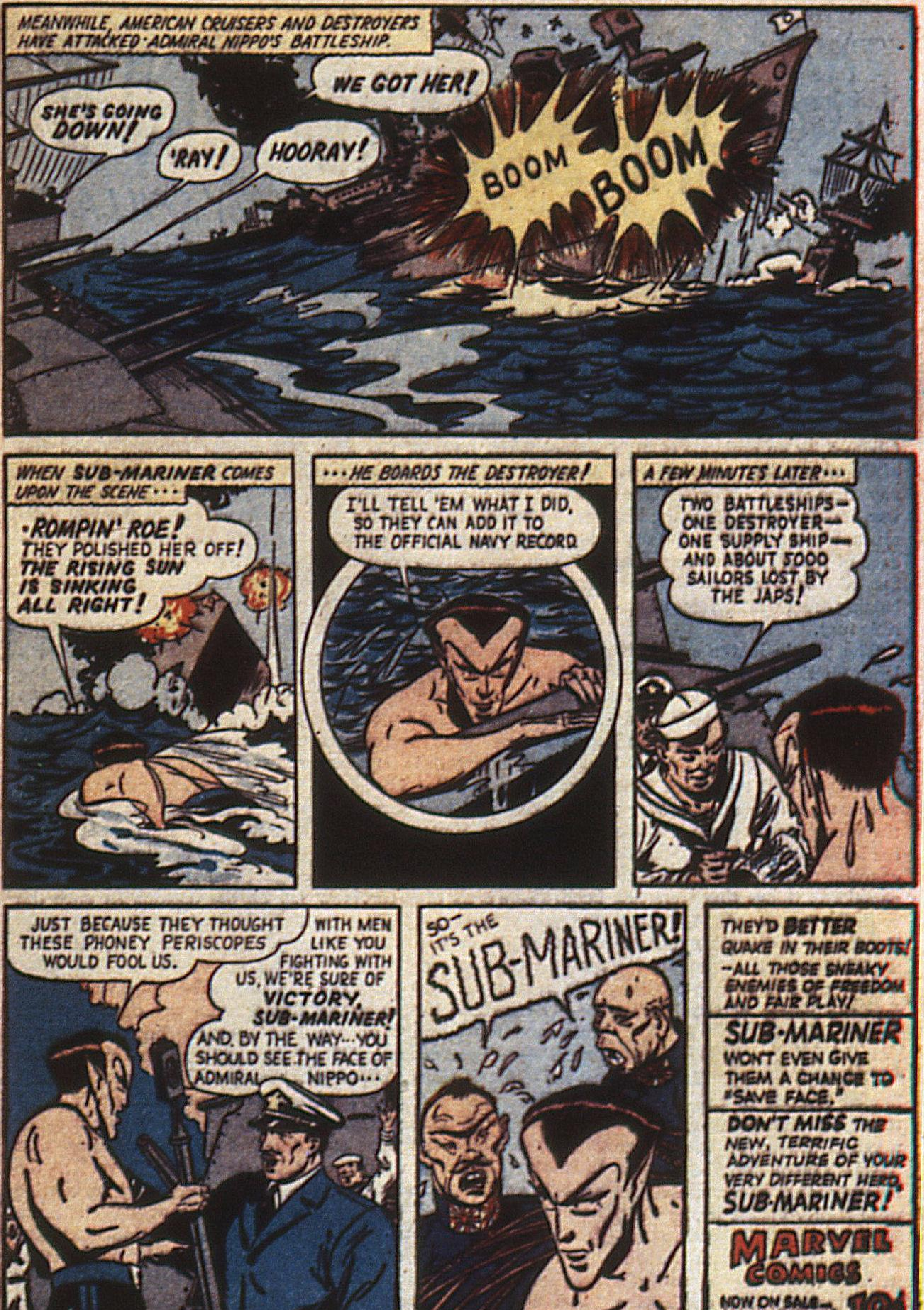

SUB-MARINER FOLLOWS THE JAP SUBMARINE TO ITS SECRET SUPPLY BASE.
YOU USED ALL YOUR TORPEDOES WITHOUT SINKING ONE AMERICAN SHIP!—WE CAN'T AFFORD THAT! NO??
Y-YES, ADMIRAL. I-IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN!
IT WON'T, EH? SO THOSE JAPS THOUGHT THEY'D MAKE US WASTE MILLIONS IN AMMUNITION WITH THEIR PHONEY PERISCOPES!
BEFORE I'M THROUGH, THOSE JAPS WILL LOSE MILLIONS IN AMMUNITION AND THOUSANDS OF LIVES!
AFTER REFUELING, THE JAP SUB STARTS OUT AGAIN, AND—
AH! AN AMERICAN MERCHANT SHIP! TORPEDOES—READY?!!
WE'LL MAKE A DIRECT HIT THIS TIME, COMMANDER!
READY!
MEANWHILE, SUB-MARINER SITS ON THE SUB AND LAUGHS!
I'LL JUST HOLD THIS WOODEN SHIP'S MODEL IN FRONT OF THE PERISCOPE, AND IT WILL LOOK LIKE A REAL SHIP FROM THE INSIDE. HA-HA!
JUST THEN ANOTHER JAP DESTROYER AND SUB COME INTO VIEW.
JUMPING JELLYFISH! THEY JUST LEFT THAT SUPPLY BASE! NOW I'LL LET THE JAPS SCORE A DIRECT HIT, ON THEIR OWN SHIPS!


I'LL TURN THIS DUMMY SHIP SO THAT THE SUB FIRES AT THE DESTROYER!
INSIDE THE SUB, THE COMMANDER TAKES VERY CAREFUL AIM.
NOW! FIRE!
WE WON'T MISS! NO!
GOOD! GOOD!
AS THE JAPANESE DESTROYER IS HIT, THERE IS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION!
BOOM
THE SUB COMMANDER IS HAPPY.
EXCELLENT! A DIRECT HIT! WE SENT THAT AMERICAN SHIP TO THE BOTTOM. YES!
WHILE... ON THE OTHER JAP SUBMARINE....
THAT SUBMARINE SANK OUR OWN SHIP!
WHAT SHALL WE DO?
SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG. WAIT!
THERE'S SOMEONE SITTING NEAR THE PERISCOPE!


SUDDENLY...
PEPPERED PERCH! THAT OTHER SUB'S COMING THIS WAY- AND FAST!
THERE HE IS!
SHOOT HIM! YES!
HOW DID HE GET THERE??
WOW!
I'D BETTER SWITCH MY PHONEY SHIPS IN A HURRY! THOSE BULLETS ARE CLOSE!
ZING
IN SUB-MARINER'S "DUPE" SUB.
THE AMERICAN DESTROYER THAT WE MISSED BEFORE!
WE WON'T MISS THIS TIME! NO!
TORPEDOES READY!
ZING!
FIRE! AND AGAIN!
THE TORPEDOES SPEED TRUE TO THEIR MARK!
YI-YI!
YI-YI-YI-YI!
BOOM


THE EXPLOSION KNOCKS SUB-MARINER AWAY FROM THE PERISCOPE.
WOW!
...AND, FOR THE FIRST, THE JAP SUB-COMMANDER SEES....
PERFECT! A DIRECT HIT! YI-YI-YI! WE TORPEDOED ONE OF OUR OWN SHIPS! YES!
THE SHAME OF WHAT HE HAS DONE DRIVES HIM TO KILL HIMSELF!
I HAVE KILLED MY OWN JAPANESE BROTHERS! I SHALL COMMIT HARI-KARI! UH...!
BANG!
I'M GOING INTO THIS SUB AND TEAR THE REST OF THE JAPS APART!
HERE GOES!
MEANWHILE-
CHUCKLING CHOWDER! THEY'RE ALL COMMITTING SUICIDE!!!
YI-YI-YI!
HARI-KARI-OOO-
OOOO!
YAP!
BANG
IT'S BETTER THAN HAVING ME DO THE JOB FOR THEM! GUESS THEY'RE ASHAMED OF WHAT THEY DID!
16


NOW TO GET BACK TO THAT JAP SUPPLY BASE.
SOON....
HOT DOGFISH! A BIG WARSHIP JUST PULLED OVER TO THE SUPPLY SHIP! READY, LITTLE TORPEDOES??
SUB-MARINER SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON THE WARSHIP, AND BLOWS UP THE REST OF THE JAP BASE.
YI-YI!
IT IS OUR OWN SUB!— OW!!!
YI-YI!
YAP!
OOOOO!
YI-YI-YI!
BOOM
BANG
BOOM
THAT'S THE END OF THAT! NOW TO GET RID OF THIS FLOATING CEMETARY.
SUB-MARINER SINKS THE JAP SUB!
I'VE GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ADMIRAL NIPPO'S BIG BATTLESHIP!


MEANWHILE, AMERICAN CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS HAVE ATTACKED ADMIRAL NIPPO'S BATTLESHIP.
WE GOT HER!
SHE'S GOING DOWN!
'RAY!
HOORAY!
BOOM
BOOM
WHEN SUB-MARINER COMES UPON THE SCENE···
-ROMPIN' ROE! THEY POLISHED HER OFF! THE RISING SUN IS SINKING ALL RIGHT!
···HE BOARDS THE DESTROYER!
I'LL TELL 'EM WHAT I DID, SO THEY CAN ADD IT TO THE OFFICIAL NAVY RECORD.
A FEW MINUTES LATER···
TWO BATTLESHIPS— ONE DESTROYER— ONE SUPPLY SHIP— AND ABOUT 5000 SAILORS LOST BY THE JAPS!
JUST BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT THESE PHONEY PERISCOPES WOULD FOOL US.
WITH MEN LIKE YOU FIGHTING WITH US, WE'RE SURE OF VICTORY, SUB-MARINER!
AND, BY THE WAY···YOU SHOULD SEE THE FACE OF ADMIRAL NIPPO···
SO— IT'S THE SUB-MARINER!
THEY'D BETTER QUAKE IN THEIR BOOTS! —ALL THOSE SNEAKY ENEMIES OF FREEDOM AND FAIR PLAY!
SUB-MARINER WON'T EVEN GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO "SAVE FACE."
DON'T MISS THE NEW, TERRIFIC ADVENTURE OF YOUR VERY DIFFERENT HERO, SUB-MARINER!
MARVEL COMICS
NOW ON SALE— ALL NEWSSTANDS 10¢

THE SEA SERPENT

By MICKEY SPILLANE

WIND-WHIPPED waves made an angry demon of the sea. They rolled across the horizon in turbulent masses, blending with the heavy grey sky overhead. Here and there livid streaks of jagged lightning flashed down, lighting the whole ocean for brief seconds, followed by an ominous rumble of thunder more terrifying than any man-made implements of war. Here off Cape Horn the elements blasted together the defiance of the race of humans that battled on far-flung fronts, challenging them with a voice of terrible fury.

The people in the small villages on the Cape huddled together. Men in the boats who had seen the storm approach made for the shelter of the port, and breathed a deep sigh of relief when they tied up safely. This was no night for a seaman. When the winds roared down and the sea lashed itself into a frenzy of churning foam, queer things happened . . . things that were not made for the eyes of a man to see. For it was at this time that the sea told its secrets . . . and sent to the surface creatures to put fear into the hearts of the bravest person!

HERMANN HEIDT braced himself in the conning tower of the submarine and watched the waves break over the sleek metal hull. Behind him the ugly forms of five other subs were faintly visible in the dusk, following the U120 as a dog follows its master. Those six submersibles had braved many a storm to reach their destination—the shipping lanes of the United States. Heidt grinned to himself. The craft were all of the newest, fastest and most deadly design that German experts could put upon the sea. With these as the basis of the Nazi fleet in the Atlantic the war would take a new turn.

The commander turned to the water-soaked form of the little man next to him. "Well, are you piloting this boat or not! Need I remind you that if we do not get through the pass to my satisfaction, your sister in our concentration camp will suffer!"

The little man nodded.

"I know," he said softly, "but this night we should not travel. Terrible things happen . . . the devils below rise to kill!"

"Ha! What kind of nonsense is that! You people of the cape are all alike! You believe in every story a crazy sailor brings in! Now point out our direction." Little Henry Vinton poked a shaking finger ahead.

"Follow the coast line to the bend. There is the open sea. Now can you put me ashore?" Hermann Heidt smiled, his wide-spaced teeth flashing.

"Yes, now you may go ashore——" he grabbed Vinton by the waist and flung him from the tower. "——if you can *swim!* Ha, ha, ha!" Henry hit the slippery hull. His fingers sought a hold desperately, but there was none. A wave washed over the sub and he was gone. Fortunately, he was an able swimmer, and with the help of several waves managed to land shaken, but safe, on the beach. Slowly his eyes peered into the gloom. He shook his fist. "You who make traitors from honest men, you who kill for the joy of it . . . the sea will take its revenge. It is something that you will not escape!"

THE SEA WAS RISING higher now. It was dangerous water for submarines, one of those waves could easily break the back of the stoutest hull! The commander shouted down the open hatch to an officer. "Contact the other boats. Keep in close order and submerge. We will have to sit on the bottom until the storm passes over." Heidt closed shut the instrument cases and descended into the interior, slamming the hatch cover above him.

Orders were barked in thick gutteral tones throughout the sub, and the dials began to move. Slowly, slowly the fleet went under. But even below the surface the surging of the sea could be felt. Feet were braced to counteract the pitching, and hands held tightly to the rails. One minute passed, then another, and with a slight bump the commander's sub lay on the bottom. At once the radio buzzed and the other subs reported that they, too, had come to rest.

Outside the water was black... darker than the darkest night. Not even the brightest searchlight could penetrate it more than a few feet. But there were eyes out there that could see . . . great staring eyes! that took in every detail of these weird things that came down from above. Yes, the sea had a secret, a grim, terrible secret . . . one that had good cause to be feared. If Heidt could have seen the horrible feelers that were attached to the thing that felt the body of the sub, he would have gone stark, staring mad!

FROM THE DEPTHS of the ocean, the storm had brought up a serpent of incredible size! Its long mottled form twisted through the water like that of an eel. Along its sides were row upon row of lights, there to attract other fish that were devoured immediately. Anything was prey for this monster, and now it was hungry. For long moments it wound about the U120, feeling of. its shape .The men inside felt occasional queer bumps, but credited it to the restless ocean.

But the serpent was gradually becoming irritated. Every other creature that he had ever approached had fled in mortal terror. This new thing made no move. The giant tail flicked against the plates . . . a long needle-like barb shot out . . . and glanced harmlessly off. That tail held a stinger that would kill a whale in a second, and here was an enemy that resisted it! With unbounded rage, the serpent lashed into the metal fish, gaping mouth open wide. Huge tusks flashed and it came down on the forward gun. Metal rasped, ripped, and the gun was a shambles!

Hermann Heidt felt the shuddering of the ship. This he did not like. Perhaps there was something in the grotesque stories that Vinson had told. At any rate, it was better to brave the waves above than to stay here while his brain seethed with wild notions. "Attention!" he shouted. "Get under way. Radioman, reach the others, tell them to surface and proceed to the destination!" Men scrambled to stations and the electric engines churned. The sub rose slowly as the water was blown from the tanks. On all sides, five others went up, keeping a safe distance with the aid of their new precision instruments.

AT THE FIRST MOTION of the boat, the serpeant recoiled. Its tiny brain was not enough to cope with this situation, but he was so enraged that he would not let it end here. The unearthy fish, as long as three U boats put together, followed the sub to the surface . . . then it saw the others. At once it thought that this was a mass attack, for it had happened before. Several fish of the same breed had banded together to fight it out, but it was an unsuccessful attempt.

The hatch covers in the six conning towers banged open. The captain of each ship stepped out. Heidt stood looking out over the sea when the officer behind him gasped and stumbled. "Herr Kapitan . . . look!" Heidt turned. His eyes grew wide, his jaw dropped. Before him a huge head reared up out of a wave, a head all out of proprotion with human standards. Suddenly Heidt saw the forward gun . . . and the marks of teeth. He screamed once . . . then the serpeant charged!

TREMENDOUS COILS went about the sub, turning it half over on its side. Heidt grabbed the rail and held on, but the other man was not so fortunate. Over he went . . . and teeth snapped shut, blotting out a death yell! In the other subs there was a moment's confusion, then men leaped out and dashed to the deck guns. Shells screamed out over the water, but in the half-light, and with the violent pitching on the boat, they missed.

But the reverberations were felt by the giant of the sea. He turned, and in a moment was amongst the subs. The tail streaked out at the deck of one, and every man went overboard, while the gun was smashed from its moorings. Cannon fired madly. The men knew that they dared not submerge . . . and they could not possibly outrun this nightmare! Suddenly there was a horrifying series of shrieks. The serpent reared over the U123 like a snake over a mouse. The great body smashed down once . . . and the sub broke in two!

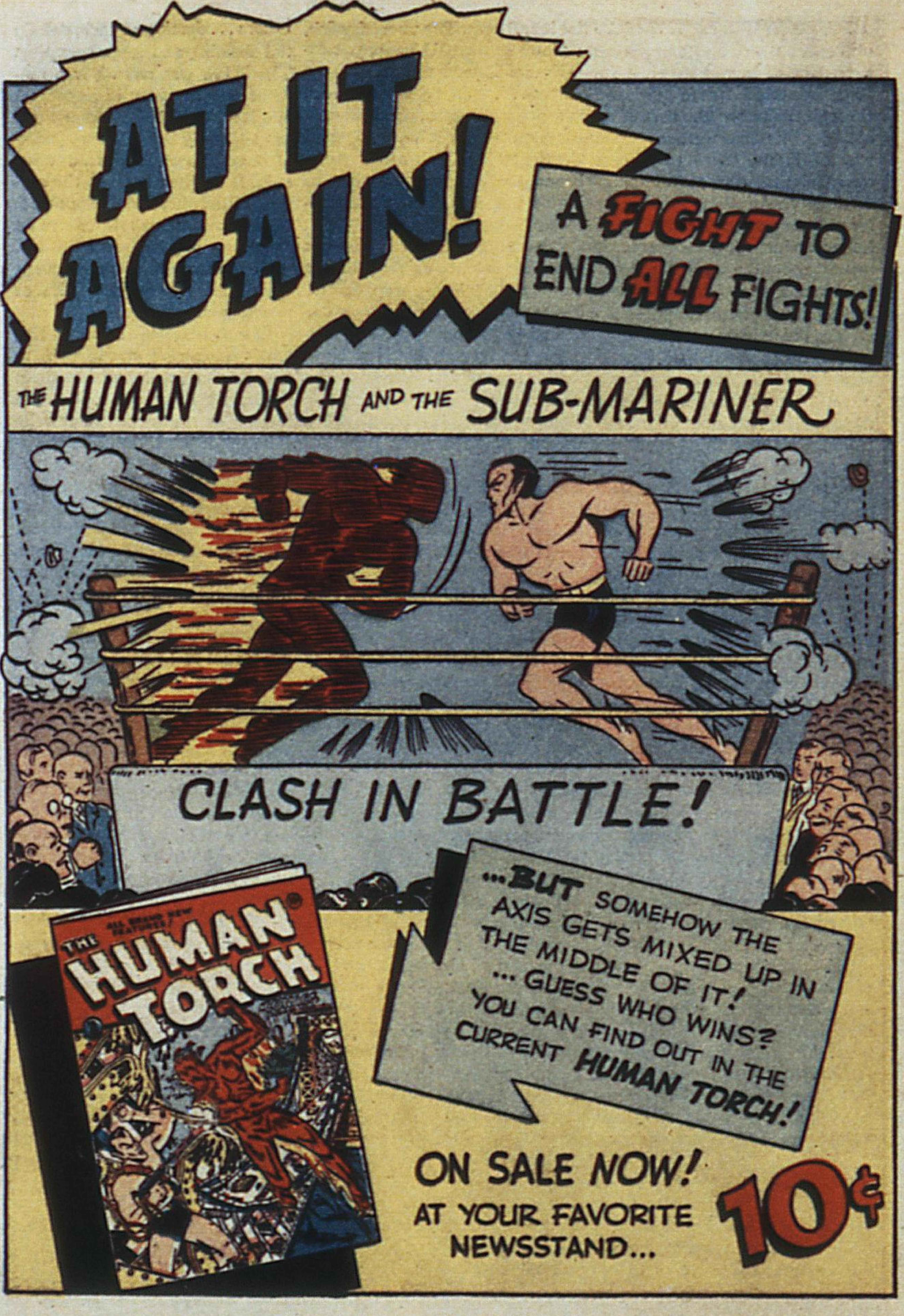
Immediately it was back to the others . . . darting at each, deadly tail slashing and teeth snapping. The U126 was next. For a moment the monster disappeared, and it looked like he had enough, but suddenly the U126 was tossed out of the water like a wooden chip. It crashed back to the surface, rolled over and disappeared. The serpent saw that this was an easy way to dispose of the foe, and in an instant two more went under, leaving only a trace of wreckage on the surface.

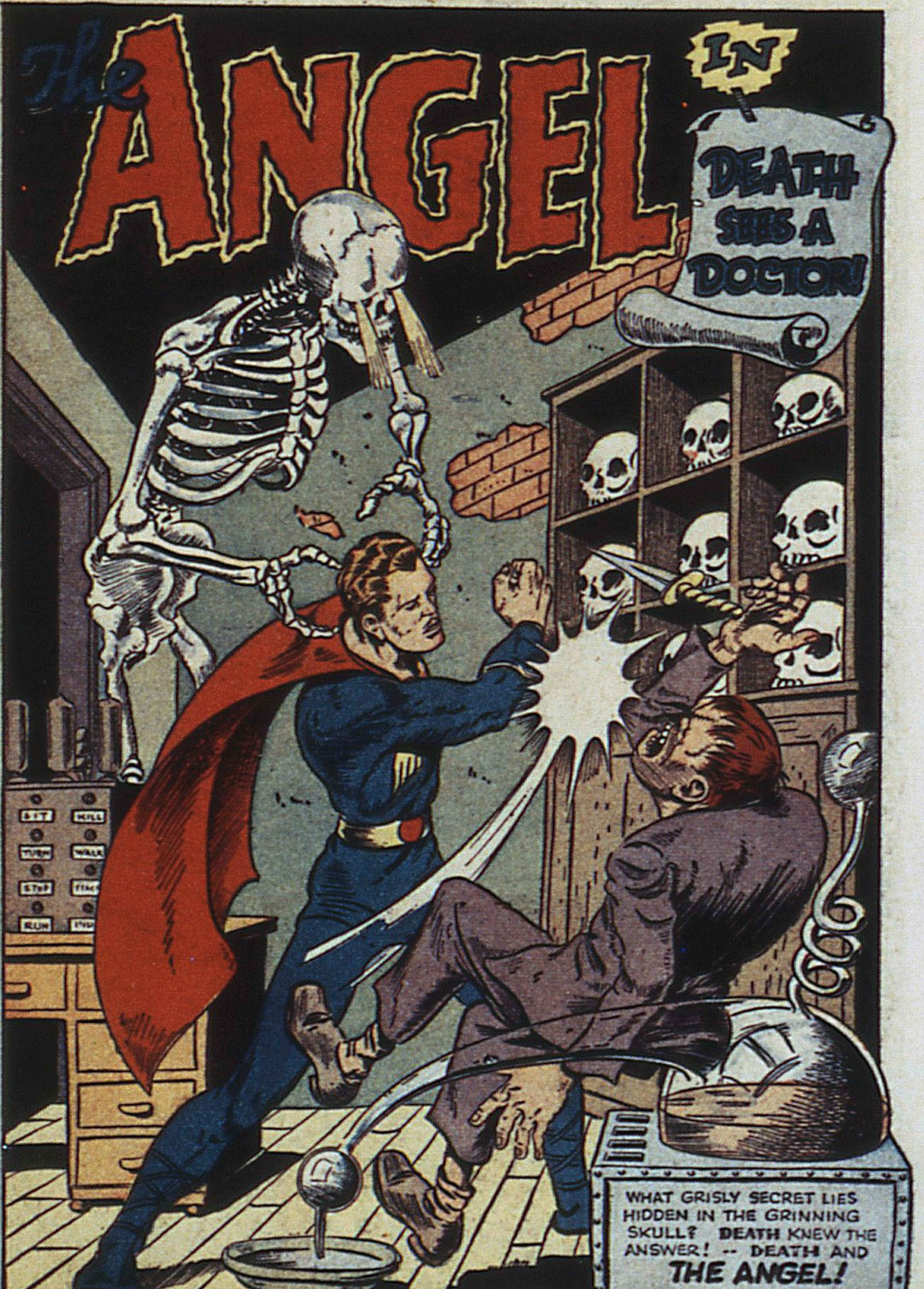
On the rear deck of the U-120, Heidt screamed at the men to fire. The creature had left them to attack the other boat. The gun flashed as the serpent threw its coils about the U122. The cracking of the sub's shell could be heard even at this distance. Then . . . the shell hit! It pierced a coil . . . but exploded inside the sub! The serpent released his victim, and with a bubbling of oil and air the sub slid into the depths!

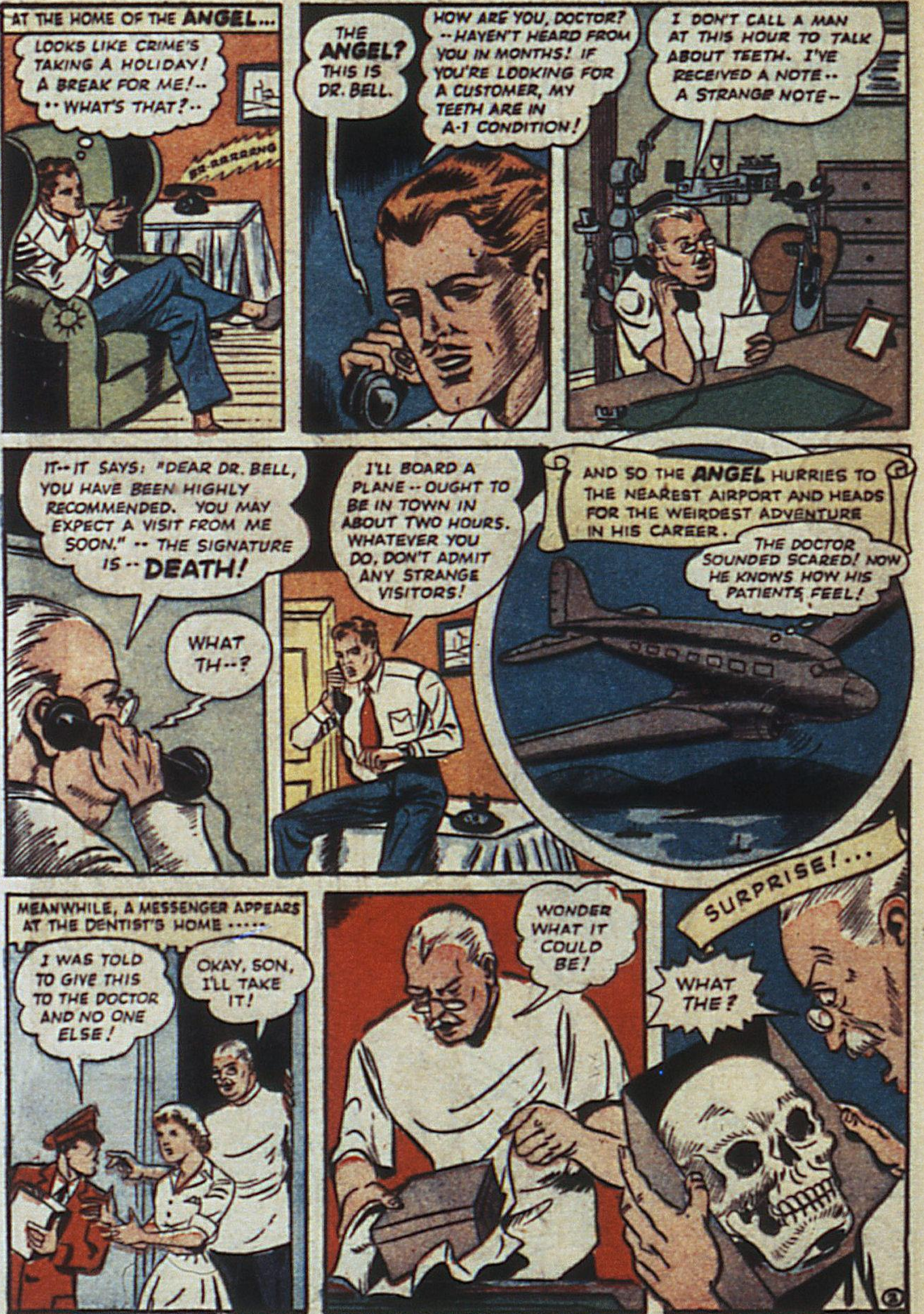
THEN . . . the serpent was on the U120! Heidt shrieked . . . he looked into the huge eye of the monster . . . and that was the last thing he ever saw. One mighty swipe of those jaws cleared the deck of all life. A wave hit the uncontrolled sub and carried it toward the beach. The monster cast one look at it, and satisfied, went back to the black depths of the sea to nurse his wound.

WEEKS LATER, Henry Vinton came upon a strange sight. High upon the beach where the waves had tossed her was the abandoned, lifeless hull of a submarine. Still visible in large numerals upon the sides of the conning tower was "U120" . . . and the forward gun was ripped off. There, plainly outlined in the twisted metal were the marks of teeth. Teeth larger than any man would believe possible . . . unless they actually saw them . . . and some did! Henry Vinton shuddered and moved on . . .

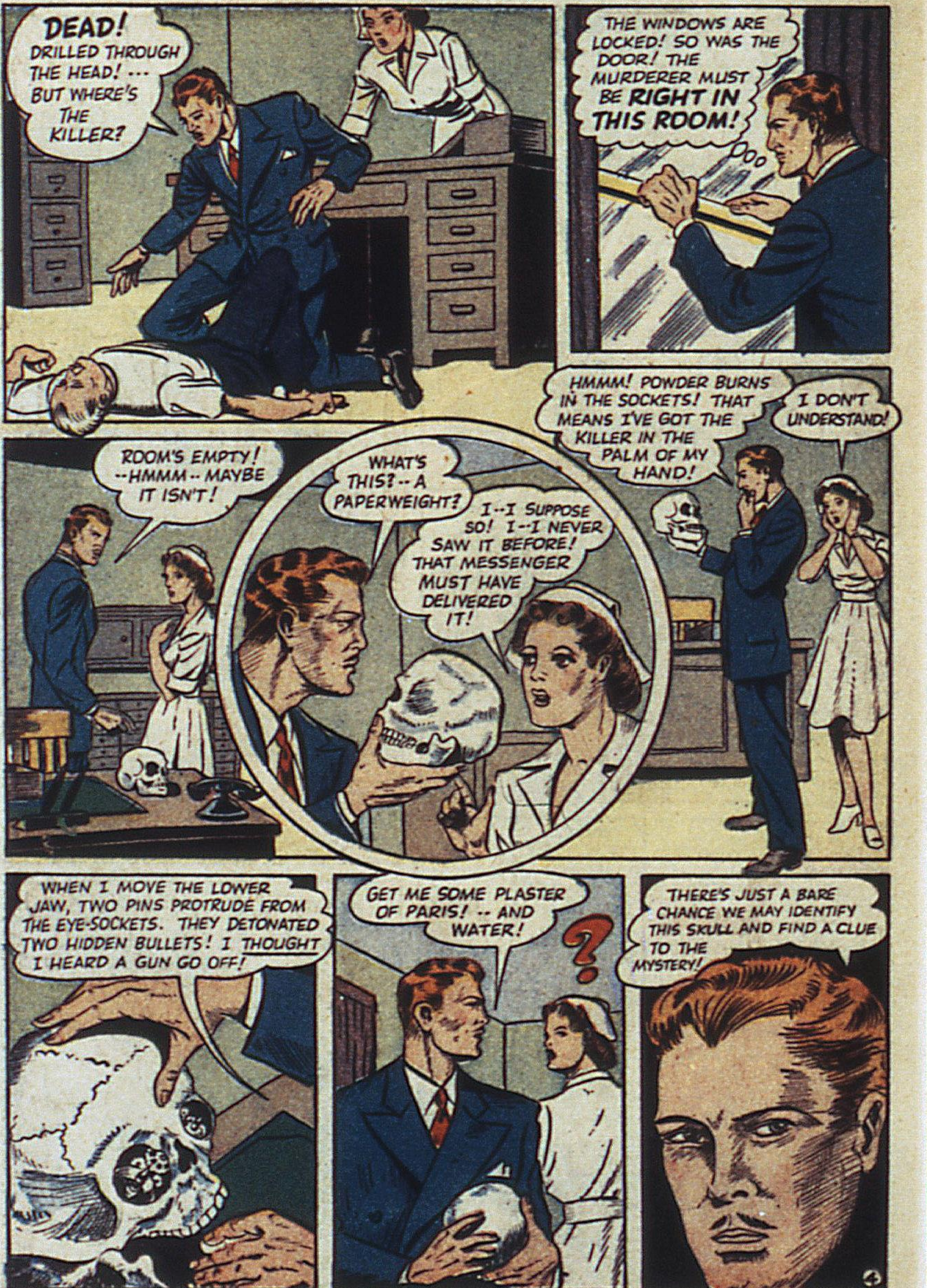
THE END

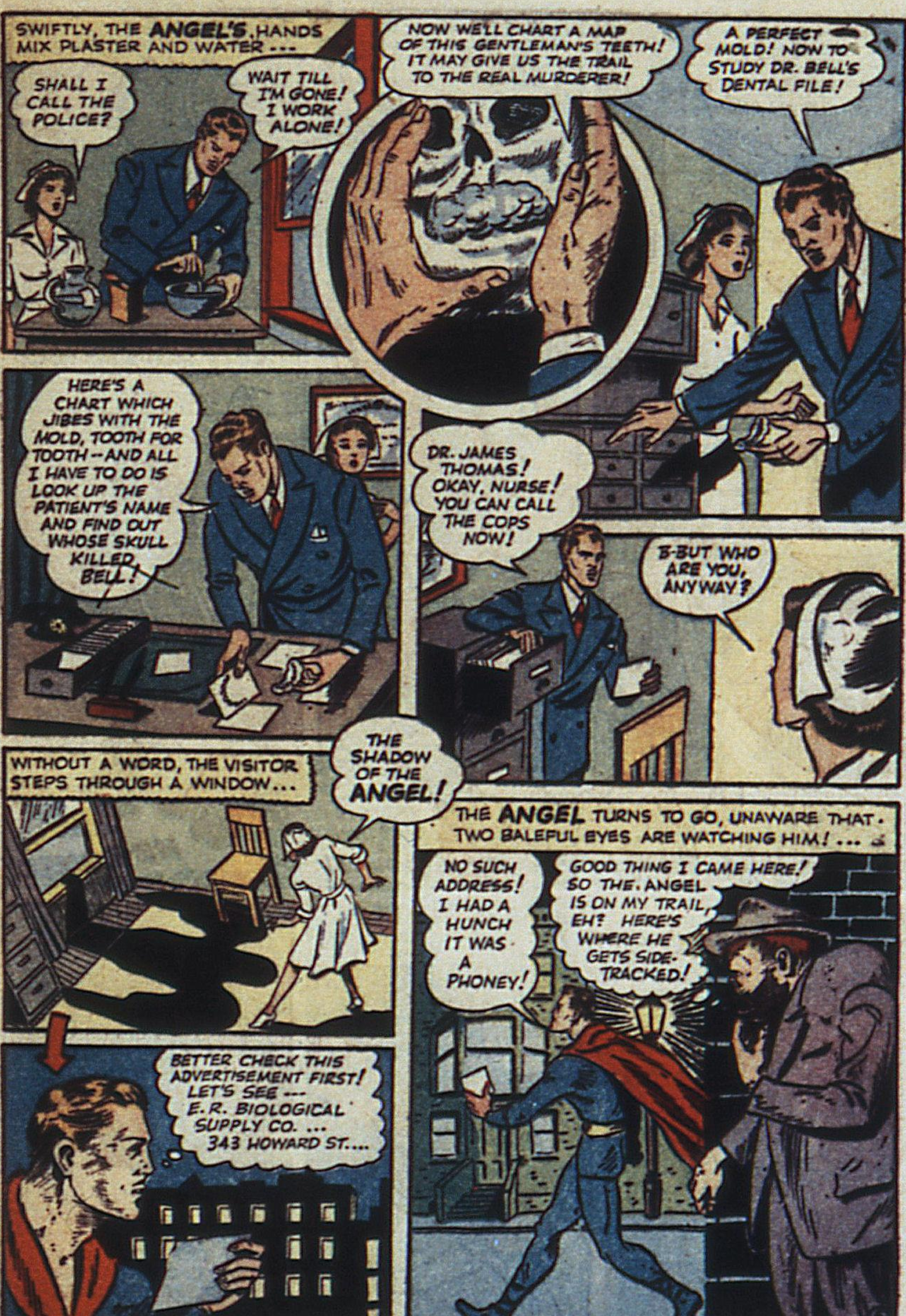

AT IT AGAIN!
A FIGHT TO END ALL FIGHTS!
THE HUMAN TORCH AND THE SUB-MARINER
CLASH IN BATTLE!
...BUT SOMEHOW THE AXIS GETS MIXED UP IN THE MIDDLE OF IT! ... GUESS WHO WINS? YOU CAN FIND OUT IN THE CURRENT HUMAN TORCH!
ALL BRAND NEW FEATURES!
THE HUMAN TORCH
ON SALE NOW!
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND...
10¢

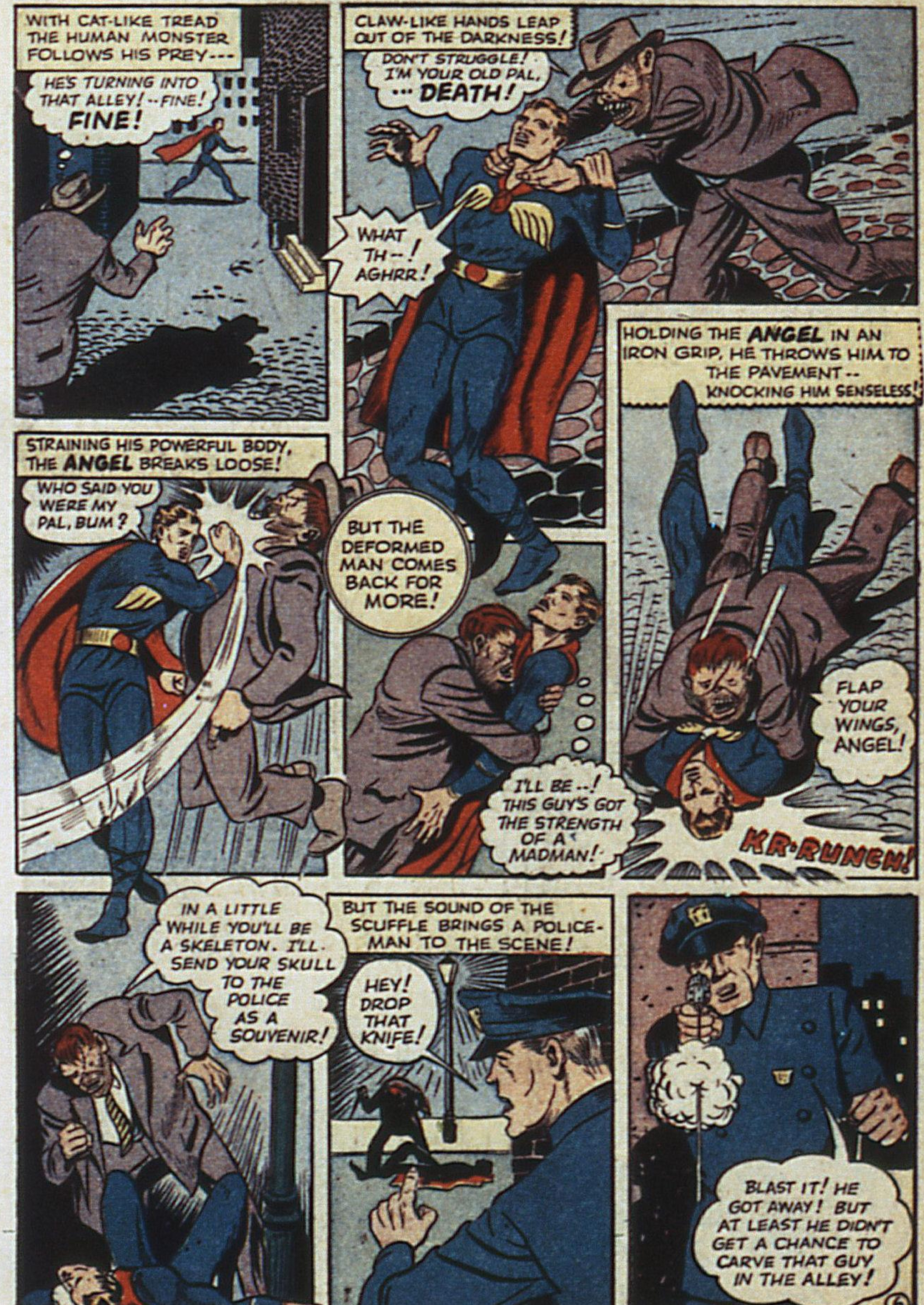

The ANGEL
IN
DEATH SEES A DOCTOR!
SIT
KILL
TURN
WALK
STOP
RUN
WHAT GRISLY SECRET LIES HIDDEN IN THE GRINNING SKULL? DEATH KNEW THE ANSWER! -- DEATH AND THE ANGEL!

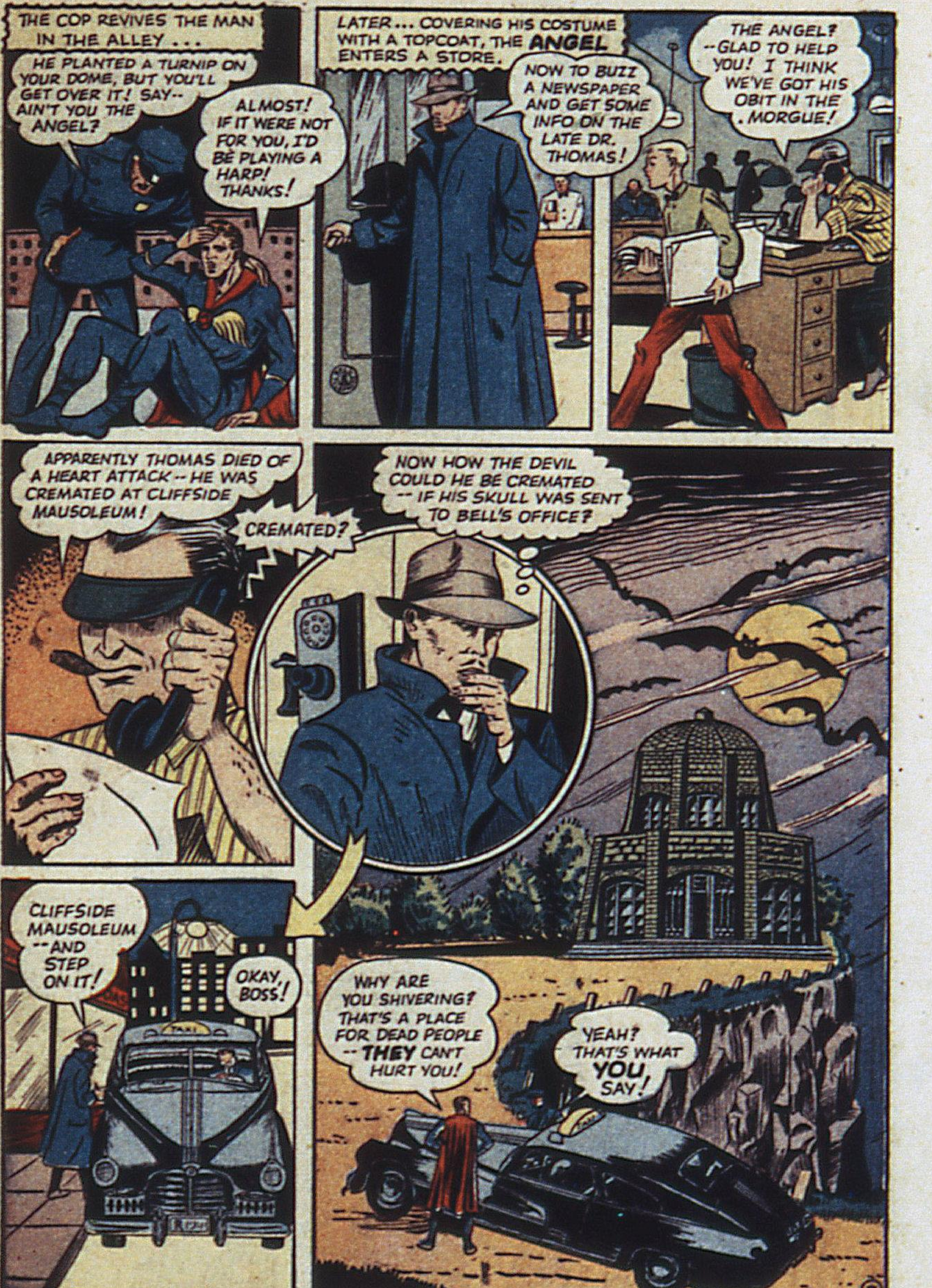

AT THE HOME OF THE ANGEL...
LOOKS LIKE CRIME'S TAKING A HOLIDAY! A BREAK FOR ME!-- --WHAT'S THAT?--
BR-RRRRRING
THE ANGEL? THIS IS DR. BELL.
HOW ARE YOU, DOCTOR? --HAVEN'T HEARD FROM YOU IN MONTHS! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A CUSTOMER, MY TEETH ARE IN A-1 CONDITION!
I DON'T CALL A MAN AT THIS HOUR TO TALK ABOUT TEETH. I'VE RECEIVED A NOTE-- A STRANGE NOTE--
IT--IT SAYS: "DEAR DR. BELL, YOU HAVE BEEN HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. YOU MAY EXPECT A VISIT FROM ME SOON." -- THE SIGNATURE IS--DEATH!
WHAT TH--?
I'LL BOARD A PLANE--OUGHT TO BE IN TOWN IN ABOUT TWO HOURS. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T ADMIT ANY STRANGE VISITORS!
AND SO THE ANGEL HURRIES TO THE NEAREST AIRPORT AND HEADS FOR THE WEIRDEST ADVENTURE IN HIS CAREER.
THE DOCTOR SOUNDED SCARED! NOW HE KNOWS HOW HIS PATIENTS FEEL!
MEANWHILE, A MESSENGER APPEARS AT THE DENTIST'S HOME.....
I WAS TOLD TO GIVE THIS TO THE DOCTOR AND NO ONE ELSE!
OKAY, SON, I'LL TAKE IT!
WONDER WHAT IT COULD BE!
SURPRISE!...
WHAT THE?
2

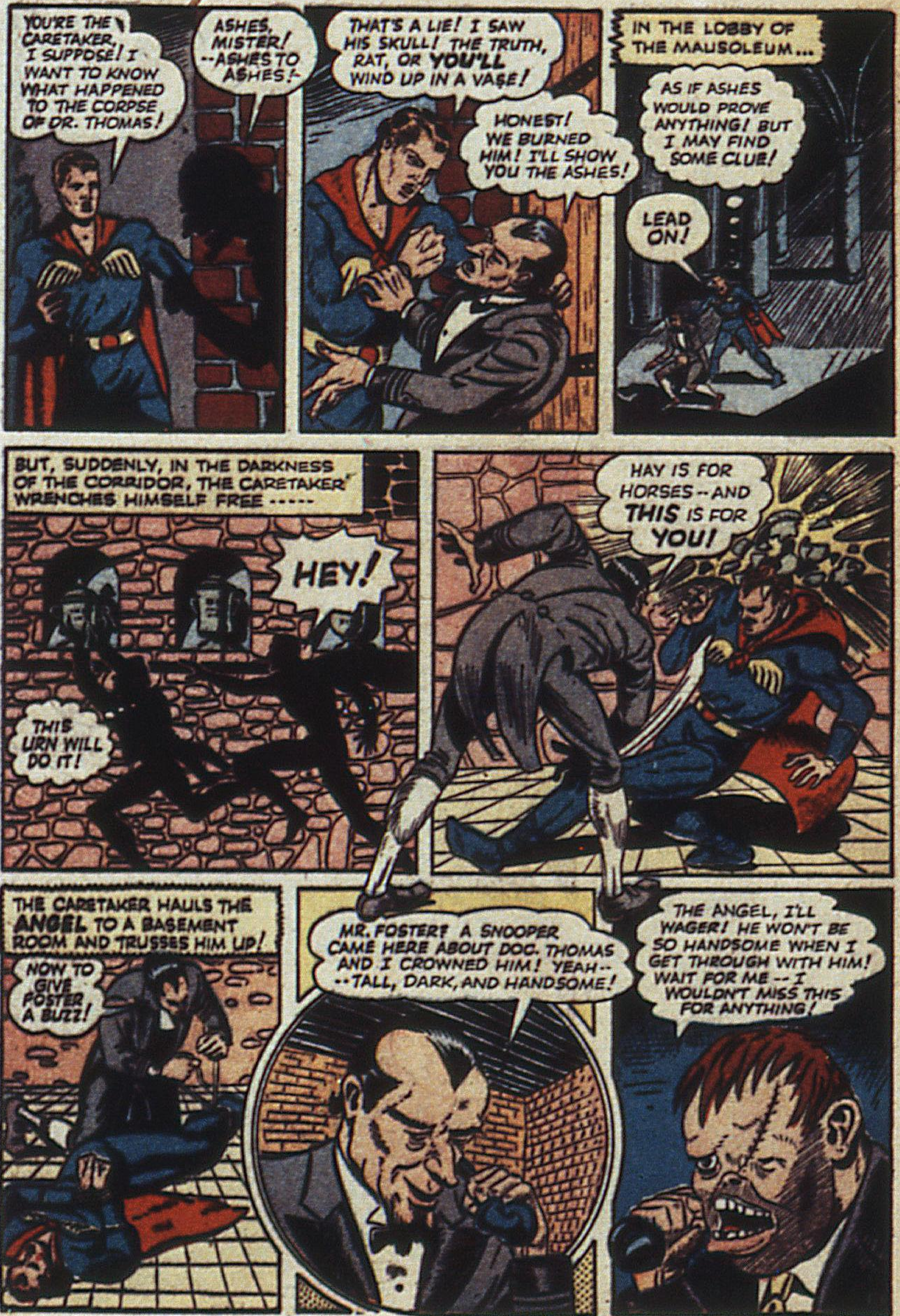
STRANGE SORT OF GIFT!
Enclosed is a "Get-Acquainted" Gift to introduce the fine biological products manufactured by us for physicians and dentists.
AN EXCELLENT PAPER WEIGHT.
THE E.R. BIOLOGICAL SUPPLY CO.
343 HOWARD STREET
TALK ABOUT HIGH-PRESSURE SALESMANSHIP! --FINE SKULL, THOUGH! OPEN YOUR MOUTH, OLD FELLOW!
WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR MOLARS!
SUDDENLY, THE EYE-SOCKETS OF THE GRINNING SKULL BLAZE!
AIYI-I-I-!
AGHRR-R!
SOUNDED LIKE BELL'S VOICE! I'M AFRAID I'M TOO LATE!
ROBERT BELL D.D.S.
DOCTOR! DOCTOR! WHAT'S WRONG?
ONE SIDE, MISS!
BANG!
?
WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG RIGHT NOW-- UNLESS I COME OUT FEET FIRST!

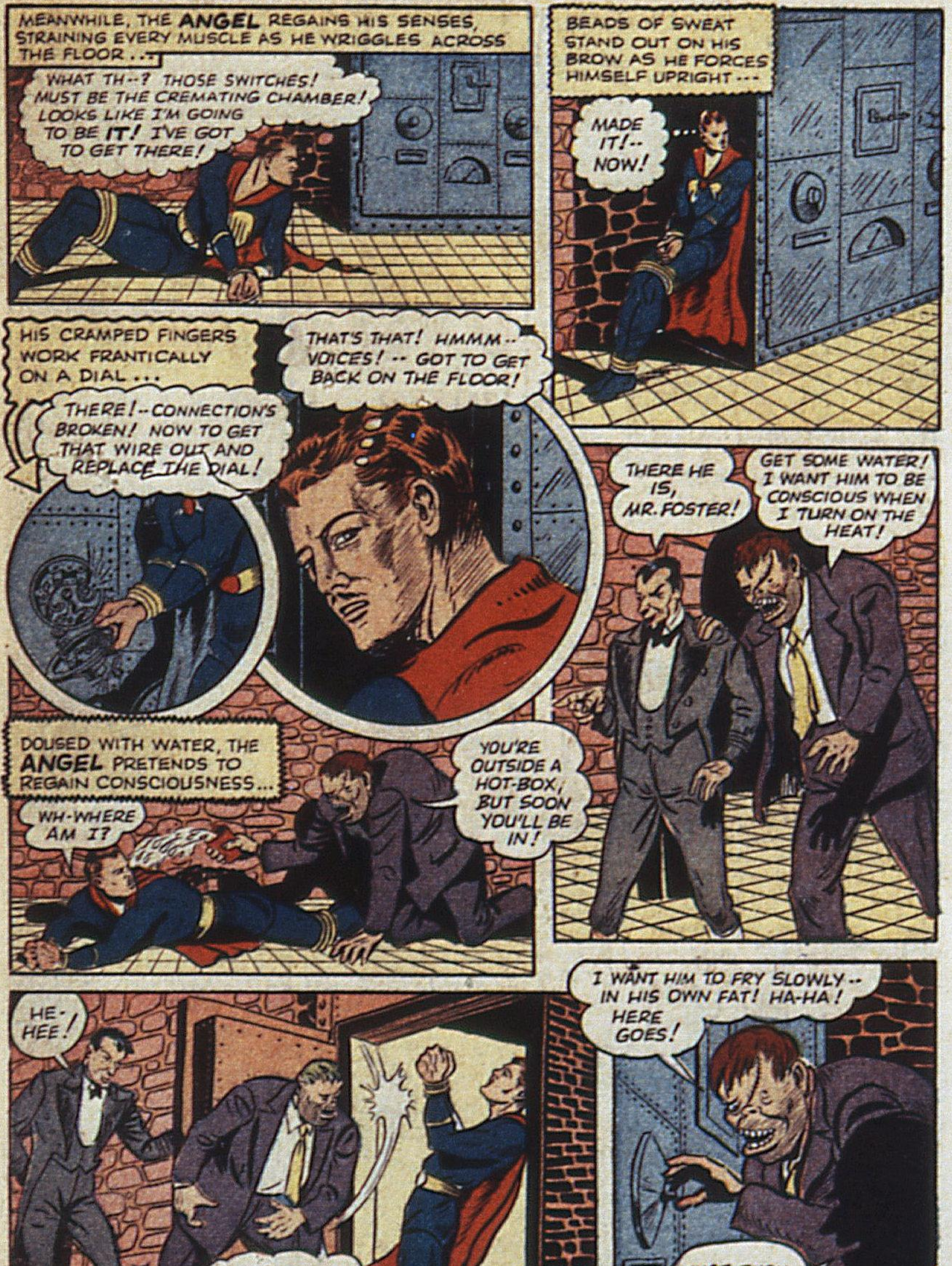

DEAD! DRILLED THROUGH THE HEAD! ... BUT WHERE'S THE KILLER?
THE WINDOWS ARE LOCKED! SO WAS THE DOOR! THE MURDERER MUST BE RIGHT IN THIS ROOM!
ROOM'S EMPTY! --HMMM-- MAYBE IT ISN'T!
WHAT'S THIS? -- A PAPERWEIGHT?
I--I SUPPOSE SO! I--I NEVER SAW IT BEFORE! THAT MESSENGER MUST HAVE DELIVERED IT!
HMMM! POWDER BURNS IN THE SOCKETS! THAT MEANS I'VE GOT THE KILLER IN THE PALM OF MY HAND!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
WHEN I MOVE THE LOWER JAW, TWO PINS PROTRUDE FROM THE EYE-SOCKETS. THEY DETONATED TWO HIDDEN BULLETS! I THOUGHT I HEARD A GUN GO OFF!
GET ME SOME PLASTER OF PARIS! -- AND WATER!
?
THERE'S JUST A BARE CHANCE WE MAY IDENTIFY THIS SKULL AND FIND A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY!
4

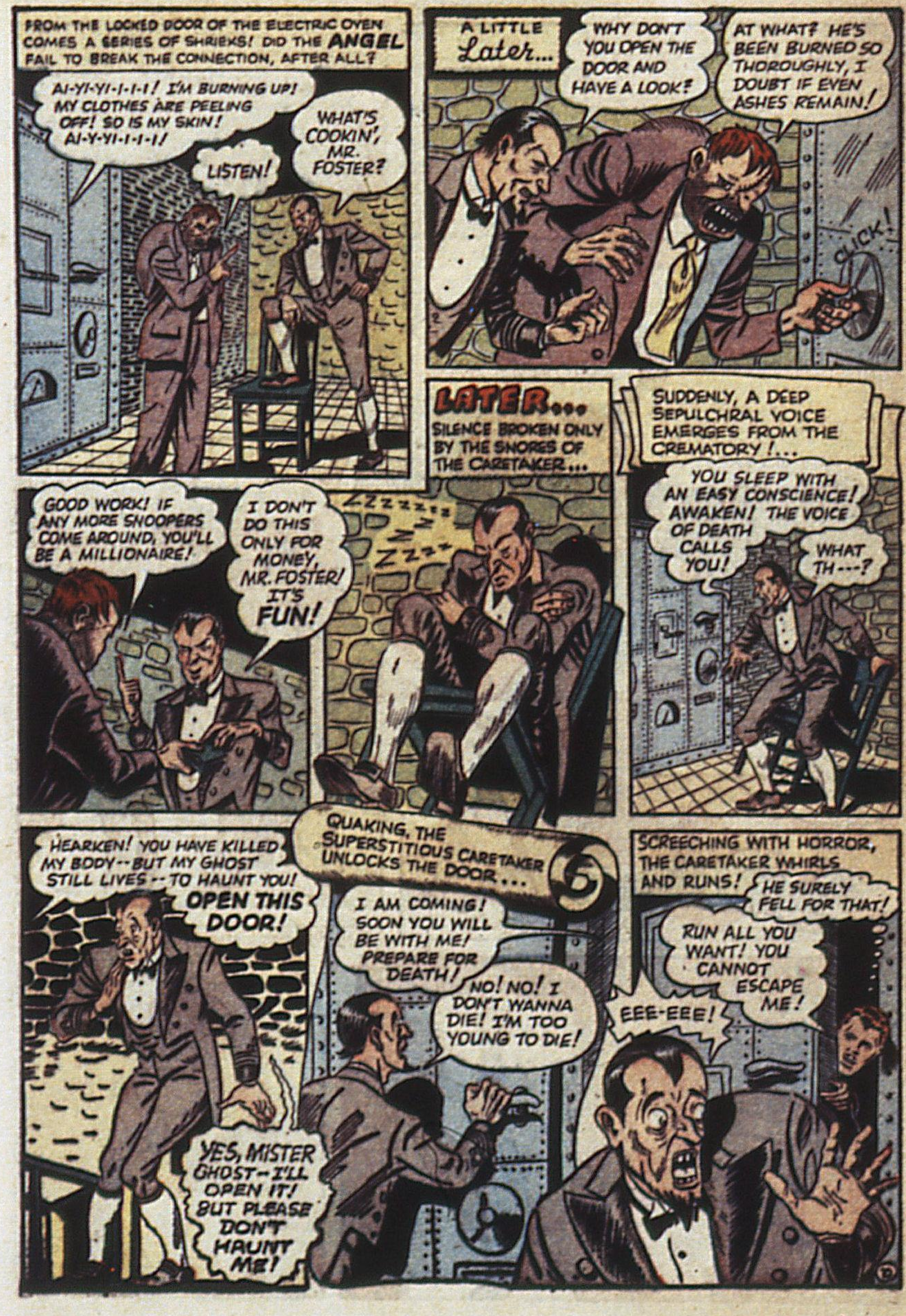

SWIFTLY, THE ANGEL'S HANDS MIX PLASTER AND WATER ...
SHALL I CALL THE POLICE?
WAIT TILL I'M GONE! I WORK ALONE!
NOW WE'LL CHART A MAP OF THIS GENTLEMAN'S TEETH! IT MAY GIVE US THE TRAIL TO THE REAL MURDERER!
A PERFECT MOLD! NOW TO STUDY DR. BELL'S DENTAL FILE!
HERE'S A CHART WHICH JIBES WITH THE MOLD, TOOTH FOR TOOTH -- AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOOK UP THE PATIENT'S NAME AND FIND OUT WHOSE SKULL KILLED BELL!
DR. JAMES THOMAS! OKAY, NURSE! YOU CAN CALL THE COPS NOW!
B-BUT WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
WITHOUT A WORD, THE VISITOR STEPS THROUGH A WINDOW ...
THE SHADOW OF THE ANGEL!
BETTER CHECK THIS ADVERTISEMENT FIRST! LET'S SEE --- E.R. BIOLOGICAL SUPPLY CO. ... 343 HOWARD ST....
THE ANGEL TURNS TO GO, UNAWARE THAT TWO BALEFUL EYES ARE WATCHING HIM! ...
NO SUCH ADDRESS! I HAD A HUNCH IT WAS A PHONEY!
GOOD THING I CAME HERE! SO THE ANGEL IS ON MY TRAIL, EH? HERE'S WHERE HE GETS SIDE-TRACKED!


WITH CAT-LIKE TREAD THE HUMAN MONSTER FOLLOWS HIS PREY---
HE'S TURNING INTO THAT ALLEY! --FINE! FINE!
CLAW-LIKE HANDS LEAP OUT OF THE DARKNESS!
DON'T STRUGGLE! I'M YOUR OLD PAL, ...DEATH!
WHAT TH--! AGHRR!
HOLDING THE ANGEL IN AN IRON GRIP, HE THROWS HIM TO THE PAVEMENT -- KNOCKING HIM SENSELESS!
STRAINING HIS POWERFUL BODY, THE ANGEL BREAKS LOOSE!
WHO SAID YOU WERE MY PAL, BUM?
BUT THE DEFORMED MAN COMES BACK FOR MORE!
I'LL BE --! THIS GUY'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF A MADMAN!
FLAP YOUR WINGS, ANGEL!
KR-RUNCH!
IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU'LL BE A SKELETON. I'LL SEND YOUR SKULL TO THE POLICE AS A SOUVENIR!
BUT THE SOUND OF THE SCUFFLE BRINGS A POLICEMAN TO THE SCENE!
HEY! DROP THAT KNIFE!
BLAST IT! HE GOT AWAY! BUT AT LEAST HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO CARVE THAT GUY IN THE ALLEY!

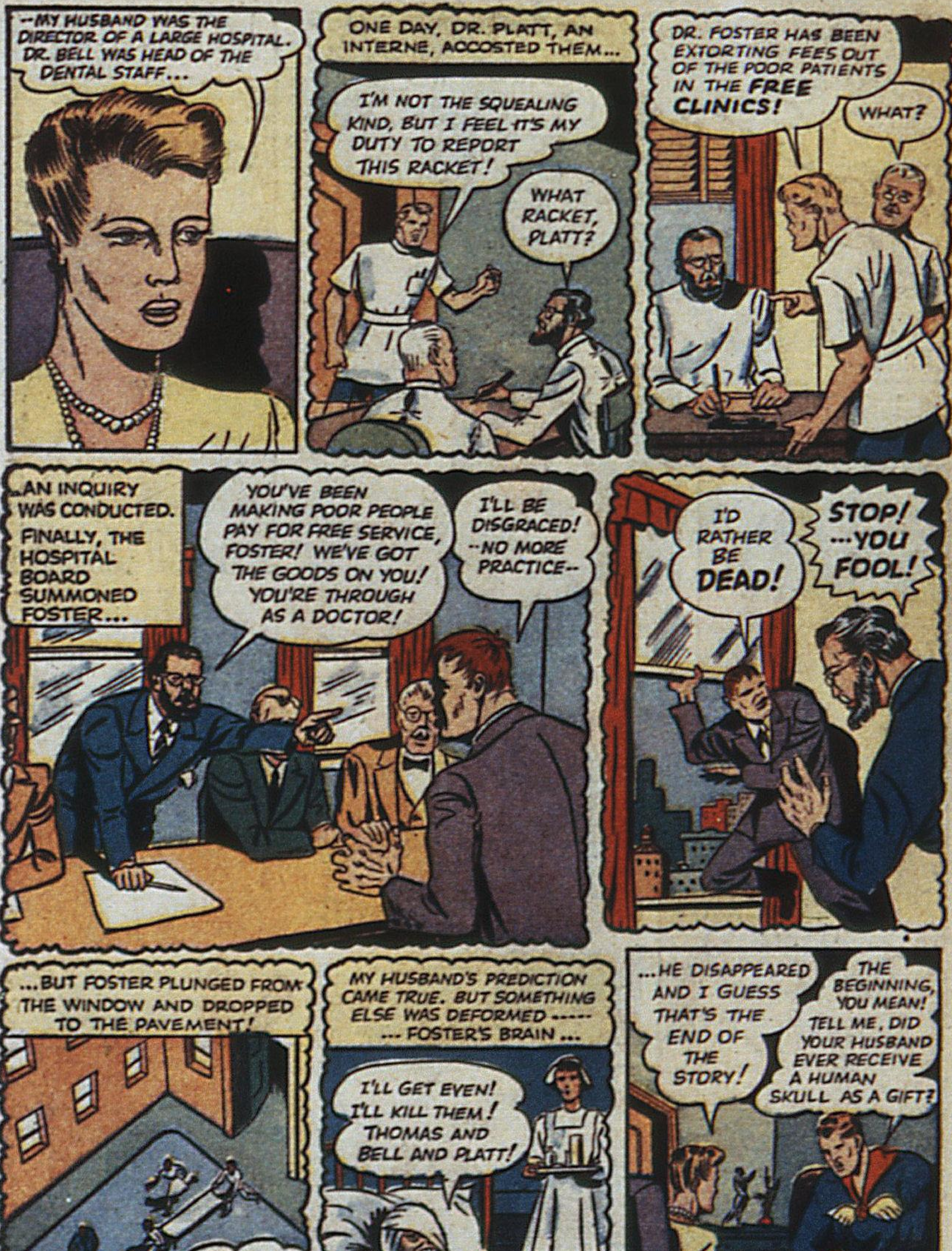

THE COP REVIVES THE MAN IN THE ALLEY . . .
HE PLANTED A TURNIP ON YOUR DOME, BUT YOU'LL GET OVER IT! SAY-- AIN'T YOU THE ANGEL?
ALMOST! IF IT WERE NOT FOR YOU, I'D BE PLAYING A HARP! THANKS!
LATER... COVERING HIS COSTUME WITH A TOPCOAT, THE ANGEL ENTERS A STORE.
NOW TO BUZZ A NEWSPAPER AND GET SOME INFO ON THE LATE DR. THOMAS!
THE ANGEL? --GLAD TO HELP YOU! I THINK WE'VE GOT HIS OBIT IN THE MORGUE!
APPARENTLY THOMAS DIED OF A HEART ATTACK -- HE WAS CREMATED AT CLIFFSIDE MAUSOLEUM!
CREMATED?
NOW HOW THE DEVIL COULD HE BE CREMATED -- IF HIS SKULL WAS SENT TO BELL'S OFFICE?
CLIFFSIDE MAUSOLEUM --AND STEP ON IT!
OKAY, BOSS!
WHY ARE YOU SHIVERING? THAT'S A PLACE FOR DEAD PEOPLE -- THEY CAN'T HURT YOU!
YEAH? THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY!

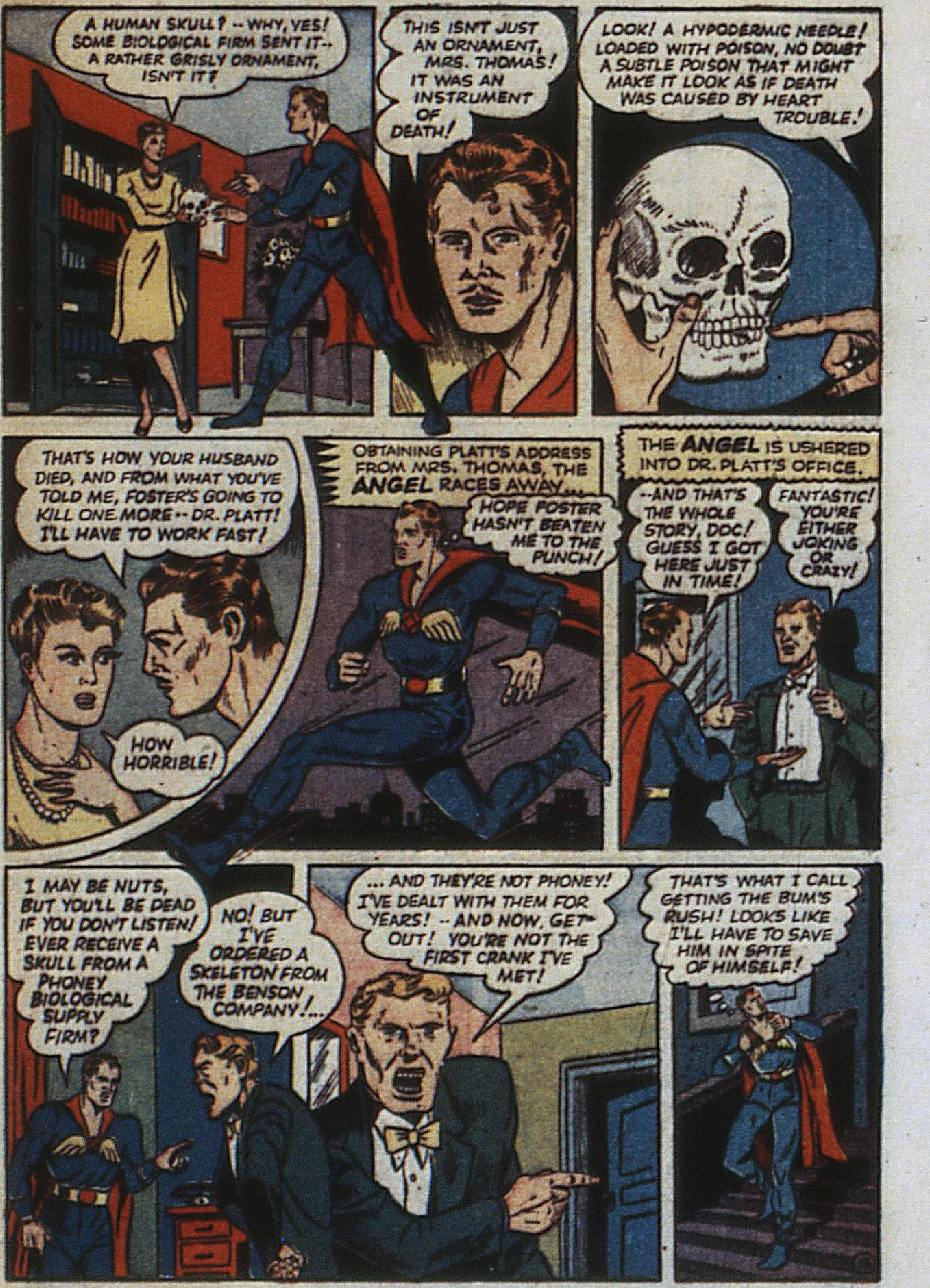

YOU'RE THE CARETAKER, I SUPPOSE! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CORPSE OF DR. THOMAS!
ASHES, MISTER! --ASHES TO ASHES!-
THAT'S A LIE! I SAW HIS SKULL! THE TRUTH, RAT, OR YOU'LL WIND UP IN A VASE!
HONEST! WE BURNED HIM! I'LL SHOW YOU THE ASHES!
IN THE LOBBY OF THE MAUSOLEUM...
AS IF ASHES WOULD PROVE ANYTHING! BUT I MAY FIND SOME CLUE!
LEAD ON!
BUT, SUDDENLY, IN THE DARKNESS OF THE CORRIDOR, THE CARETAKER WRENCHES HIMSELF FREE -----
HEY!
THIS URN WILL DO IT!
HAY IS FOR HORSES -- AND THIS IS FOR YOU!
THE CARETAKER HAULS THE ANGEL TO A BASEMENT ROOM AND TRUSSES HIM UP!
NOW TO GIVE FOSTER A BUZZ!
MR. FOSTER? A SNOOPER CAME HERE ABOUT DOC. THOMAS AND I CROWNED HIM! YEAH-- --TALL, DARK, AND HANDSOME!
THE ANGEL, I'LL WAGER! HE WON'T BE SO HANDSOME WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM! WAIT FOR ME -- I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR ANYTHING!

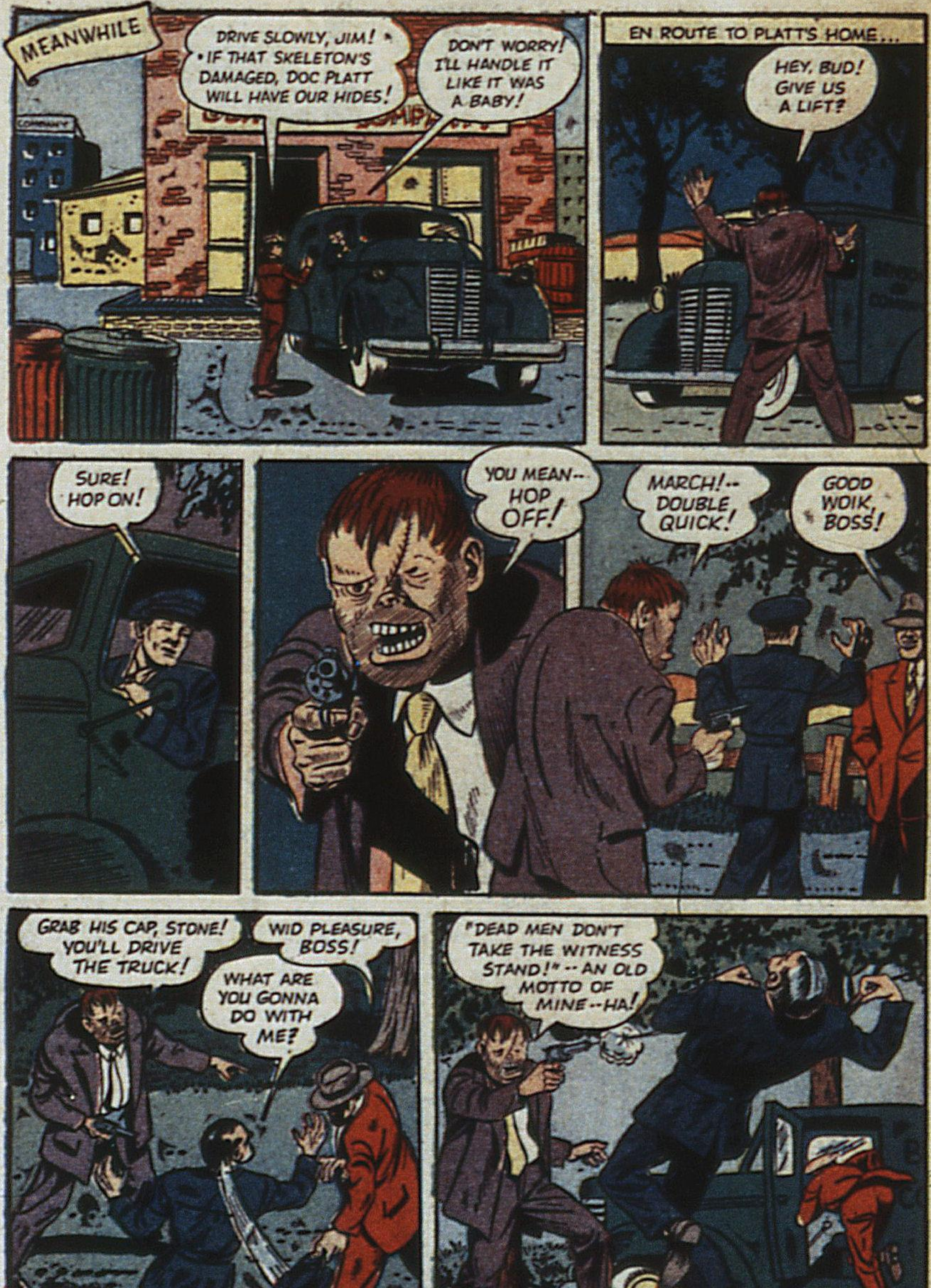

MEANWHILE, THE ANGEL REGAINS HIS SENSES, STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE AS HE WRIGGLES ACROSS THE FLOOR . . .
WHAT TH--? THOSE SWITCHES! MUST BE THE CREMATING CHAMBER! LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO BE IT! I'VE GOT TO GET THERE!
BEADS OF SWEAT STAND OUT ON HIS BROW AS HE FORCES HIMSELF UPRIGHT - - -
MADE IT! -- NOW!
HIS CRAMPED FINGERS WORK FRANTICALLY ON A DIAL . . .
THAT'S THAT! HMMM -- VOICES! -- GOT TO GET BACK ON THE FLOOR!
THERE! -- CONNECTION'S BROKEN! NOW TO GET THAT WIRE OUT AND REPLACE THE DIAL!
THERE HE IS, MR. FOSTER!
GET SOME WATER! I WANT HIM TO BE CONSCIOUS WHEN I TURN ON THE HEAT!
DOUSED WITH WATER, THE ANGEL PRETENDS TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...
WH-WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE OUTSIDE A HOT-BOX, BUT SOON YOU'LL BE IN!
HE-HEE!
THE DOORWAY TO HADES! --ENTER!
I WANT HIM TO FRY SLOWLY -- IN HIS OWN FAT! HA-HA! HERE GOES!
JUST TURN THE DIAL, MR. FOSTER!

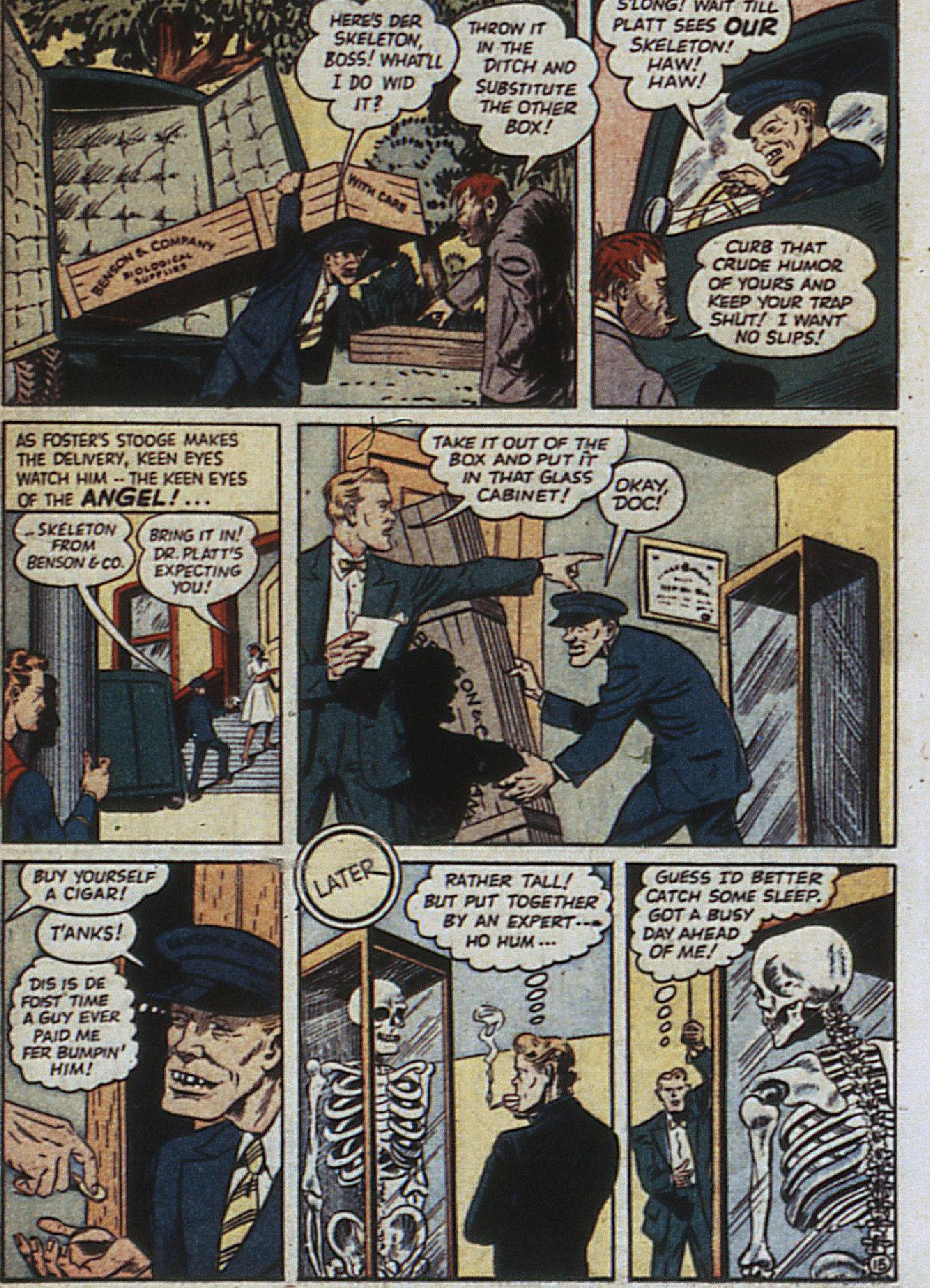

FROM THE LOCKED DOOR OF THE ELECTRIC OVEN COMES A SERIES OF SHRIEKS! DID THE ANGEL FAIL TO BREAK THE CONNECTION, AFTER ALL?
AI-YI-YI-I-I-I! I'M BURNING UP! MY CLOTHES ARE PEELING OFF! SO IS MY SKIN! AI-Y-YI-I-I-I!
WHAT'S COOKIN', MR. FOSTER?
LISTEN!
A LITTLE Later...
WHY DON'T YOU OPEN THE DOOR AND HAVE A LOOK?
AT WHAT? HE'S BEEN BURNED SO THOROUGHLY, I DOUBT IF EVEN ASHES REMAIN!
CLICK!
LATER... SILENCE BROKEN ONLY BY THE SNORES OF THE CARETAKER...
GOOD WORK! IF ANY MORE SNOOPERS COME AROUND, YOU'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE!
I DON'T DO THIS ONLY FOR MONEY, MR. FOSTER! IT'S FUN!
ZZZZZZZZ Z ZZZZ
SUDDENLY, A DEEP SEPULCHRAL VOICE EMERGES FROM THE CREMATORY!...
YOU SLEEP WITH AN EASY CONSCIENCE! AWAKEN! THE VOICE OF DEATH CALLS YOU!
WHAT TH---?
HEARKEN! YOU HAVE KILLED MY BODY--BUT MY GHOST STILL LIVES--TO HAUNT YOU! OPEN THIS DOOR!
YES, MISTER GHOST--I'LL OPEN IT! BUT PLEASE DON'T HAUNT ME!
QUAKING, THE SUPERSTITIOUS CARETAKER UNLOCKS THE DOOR...
I AM COMING! SOON YOU WILL BE WITH ME! PREPARE FOR DEATH!
NO! NO! I DON'T WANNA DIE! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!
SCREECHING WITH HORROR, THE CARETAKER WHIRLS AND RUNS!
HE SURELY FELL FOR THAT!
RUN ALL YOU WANT! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME!
EEE-EEE!

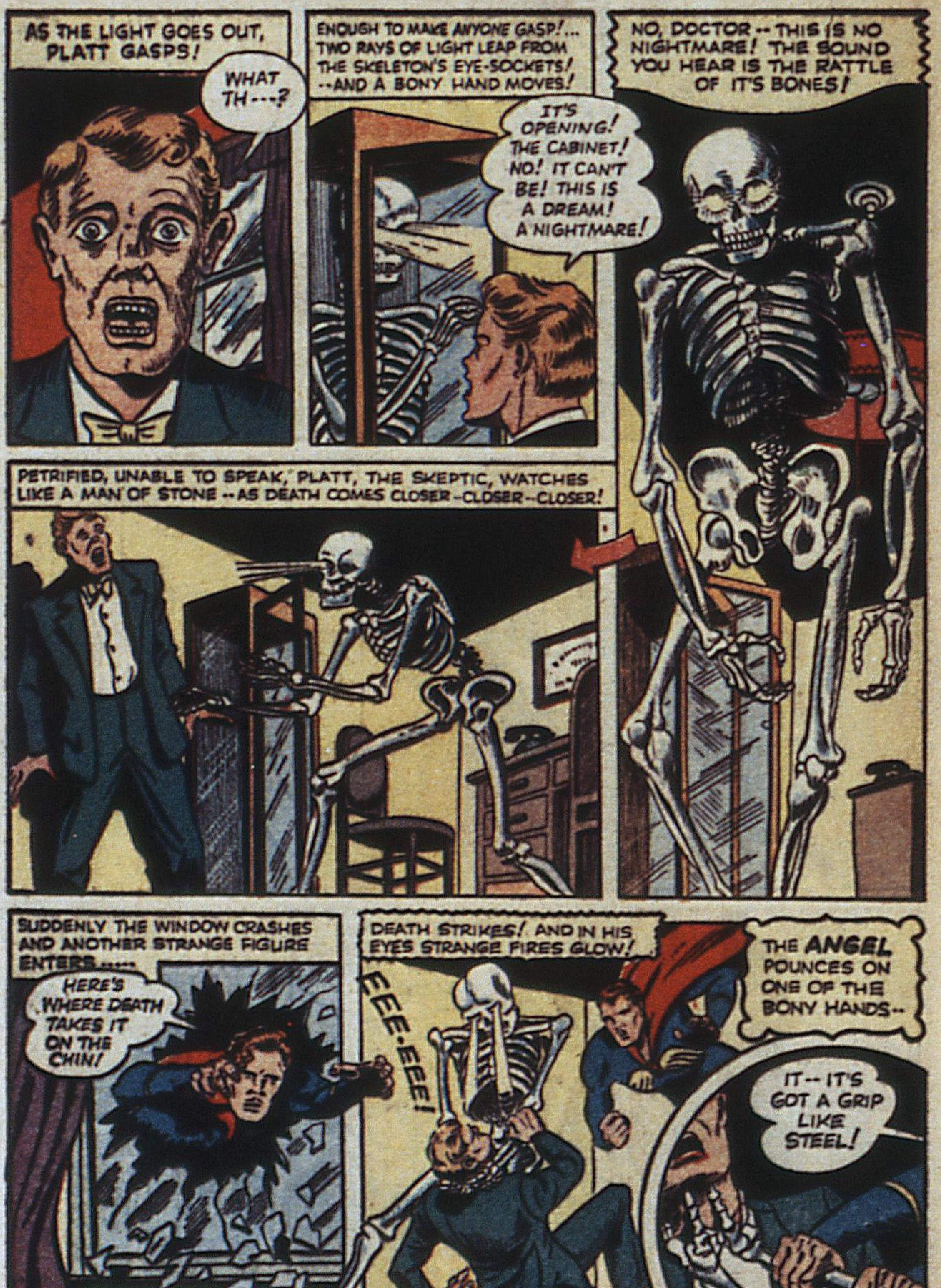
NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET THOSE ROPES OFF! GOOD THING HE BELIEVES IN GHOSTS OR I'D HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP TILL DOOMSDAY!
DEATH IS CLOSE ON YOUR HEELS! HA-HA!
HALP!
LIKE A MADMAN, THE CARETAKER RACES THROUGH THE NIGHT!...
STOP! STOP!
SUDDENLY HE STUMBLES.. PLUNGES OFF THE CLIFF!
EEE-EE-EEE!
WASHED UP! BUT IT'S A BETTER DEATH THAN THE ONE HE RESERVED FOR ME!
NOW TO FIND FOSTER! MY BEST BET IS TO HAVE A CHAT WITH THE WIDOW OF DOCTOR THOMAS!
AT THE HOME OF DR. THOMAS ...
GOOD EVENING! I'M INVESTIGATING THE DEATH OF DR. BELL. I BELIEVE HE WAS A FRIEND OF YOUR HUSBAND?
THAT'S RIGHT! WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?
I'VE A HUNCH DR. THOMAS AND DR. BELL HAD AN ENEMY -- A MUTUAL ENEMY! --
YES! A HORRID MAN WHO LIVED ONLY FOR REVENGE -- REVENGE! -- I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!


--MY HUSBAND WAS THE DIRECTOR OF A LARGE HOSPITAL. DR. BELL WAS HEAD OF THE DENTAL STAFF...
ONE DAY, DR. PLATT, AN INTERNE, ACCOSTED THEM...
I'M NOT THE SQUEALING KIND, BUT I FEEL IT'S MY DUTY TO REPORT THIS RACKET!
WHAT RACKET, PLATT?
DR. FOSTER HAS BEEN EXTORTING FEES OUT OF THE POOR PATIENTS IN THE FREE CLINICS!
WHAT?
..AN INQUIRY WAS CONDUCTED. FINALLY, THE HOSPITAL BOARD SUMMONED FOSTER...
YOU'VE BEEN MAKING POOR PEOPLE PAY FOR FREE SERVICE, FOSTER! WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU! YOU'RE THROUGH AS A DOCTOR!
I'LL BE DISGRACED! --NO MORE PRACTICE--
I'D RATHER BE DEAD!
STOP! ...YOU FOOL!
...BUT FOSTER PLUNGED FROM THE WINDOW AND DROPPED TO THE PAVEMENT!
HE'LL LIVE! --BUT HE'LL BE DEFORMED FOR LIFE!
MY HUSBAND'S PREDICTION CAME TRUE. BUT SOMETHING ELSE WAS DEFORMED ----- --- FOSTER'S BRAIN ...
I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL KILL THEM! THOMAS AND BELL AND PLATT!
...HE DISAPPEARED AND I GUESS THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY!
THE BEGINNING, YOU MEAN! TELL ME, DID YOUR HUSBAND EVER RECEIVE A HUMAN SKULL AS A GIFT?
12

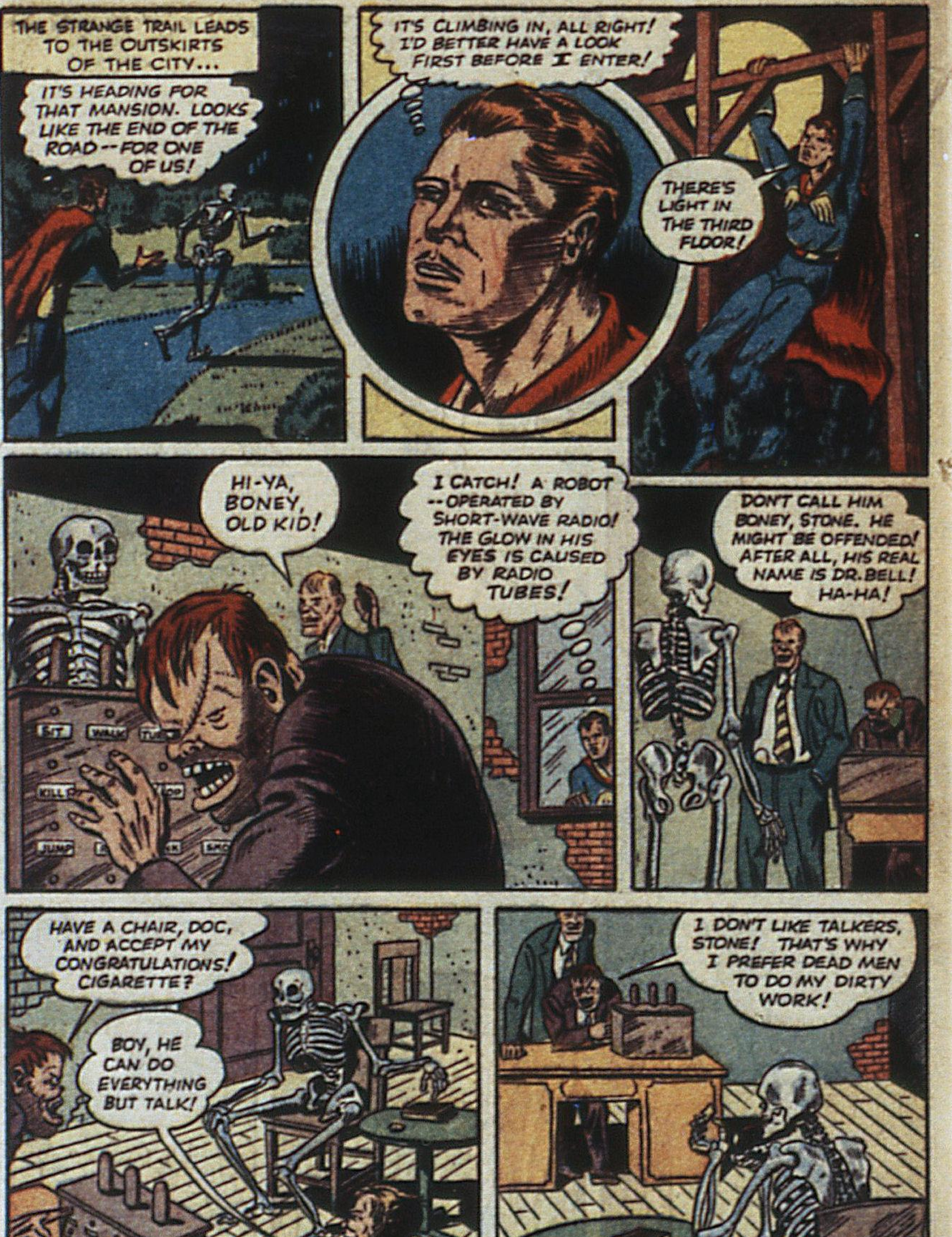

A HUMAN SKULL? -- WHY, YES! SOME BIOLOGICAL FIRM SENT IT-- A RATHER GRISLY ORNAMENT, ISN'T IT?
THIS ISN'T JUST AN ORNAMENT, MRS. THOMAS! IT WAS AN INSTRUMENT OF DEATH!
LOOK! A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE! LOADED WITH POISON, NO DOUBT A SUBTLE POISON THAT MIGHT MAKE IT LOOK AS IF DEATH WAS CAUSED BY HEART TROUBLE!
THAT'S HOW YOUR HUSBAND DIED, AND FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, FOSTER'S GOING TO KILL ONE MORE -- DR. PLATT! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!
HOW HORRIBLE!
OBTAINING PLATT'S ADDRESS FROM MRS. THOMAS, THE ANGEL RACES AWAY...
HOPE FOSTER HASN'T BEATEN ME TO THE PUNCH!
THE ANGEL IS USHERED INTO DR. PLATT'S OFFICE.
--AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, DOC! GUESS I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
FANTASTIC! YOU'RE EITHER JOKING OR CRAZY!
I MAY BE NUTS, BUT YOU'LL BE DEAD IF YOU DON'T LISTEN! EVER RECEIVE A SKULL FROM A PHONEY BIOLOGICAL SUPPLY FIRM?
NO! BUT I'VE ORDERED A SKELETON FROM THE BENSON COMPANY!...
... AND THEY'RE NOT PHONEY! I'VE DEALT WITH THEM FOR YEARS! -- AND NOW, GET OUT! YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST CRANK I'VE MET!
THAT'S WHAT I CALL GETTING THE BUM'S RUSH! LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO SAVE HIM IN SPITE OF HIMSELF!

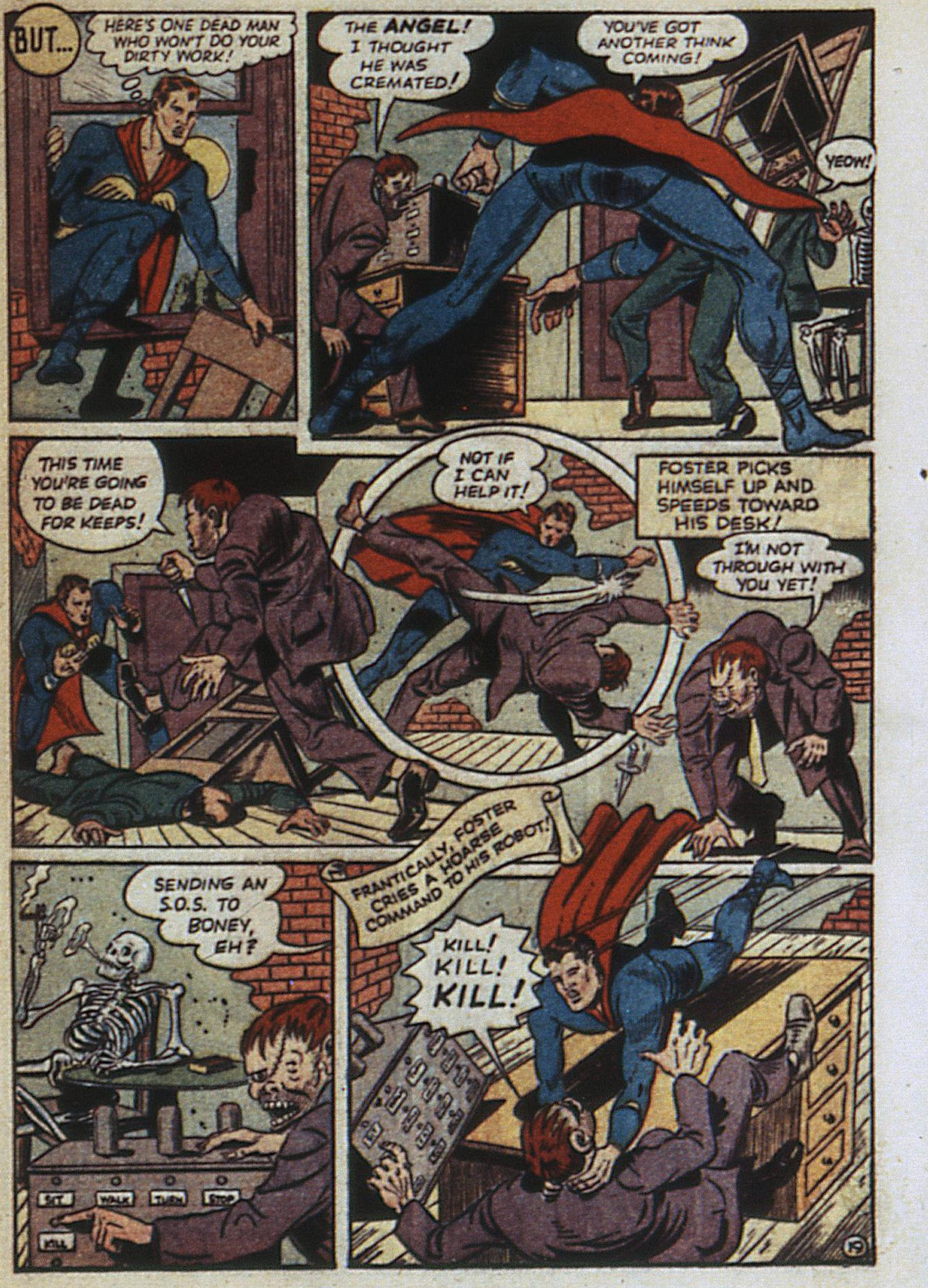

MEANWHILE
DRIVE SLOWLY, JIM! IF THAT SKELETON'S DAMAGED, DOC PLATT WILL HAVE OUR HIDES!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL HANDLE IT LIKE IT WAS A BABY!
EN ROUTE TO PLATT'S HOME...
HEY, BUD! GIVE US A LIFT?
SURE! HOP ON!
YOU MEAN-- HOP OFF!
MARCH!-- DOUBLE QUICK!
GOOD WOIK, BOSS!
GRAB HIS CAP, STONE! YOU'LL DRIVE THE TRUCK!
WID PLEASURE, BOSS!
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH ME?
"DEAD MEN DON'T TAKE THE WITNESS STAND!" -- AN OLD MOTTO OF MINE--HA!

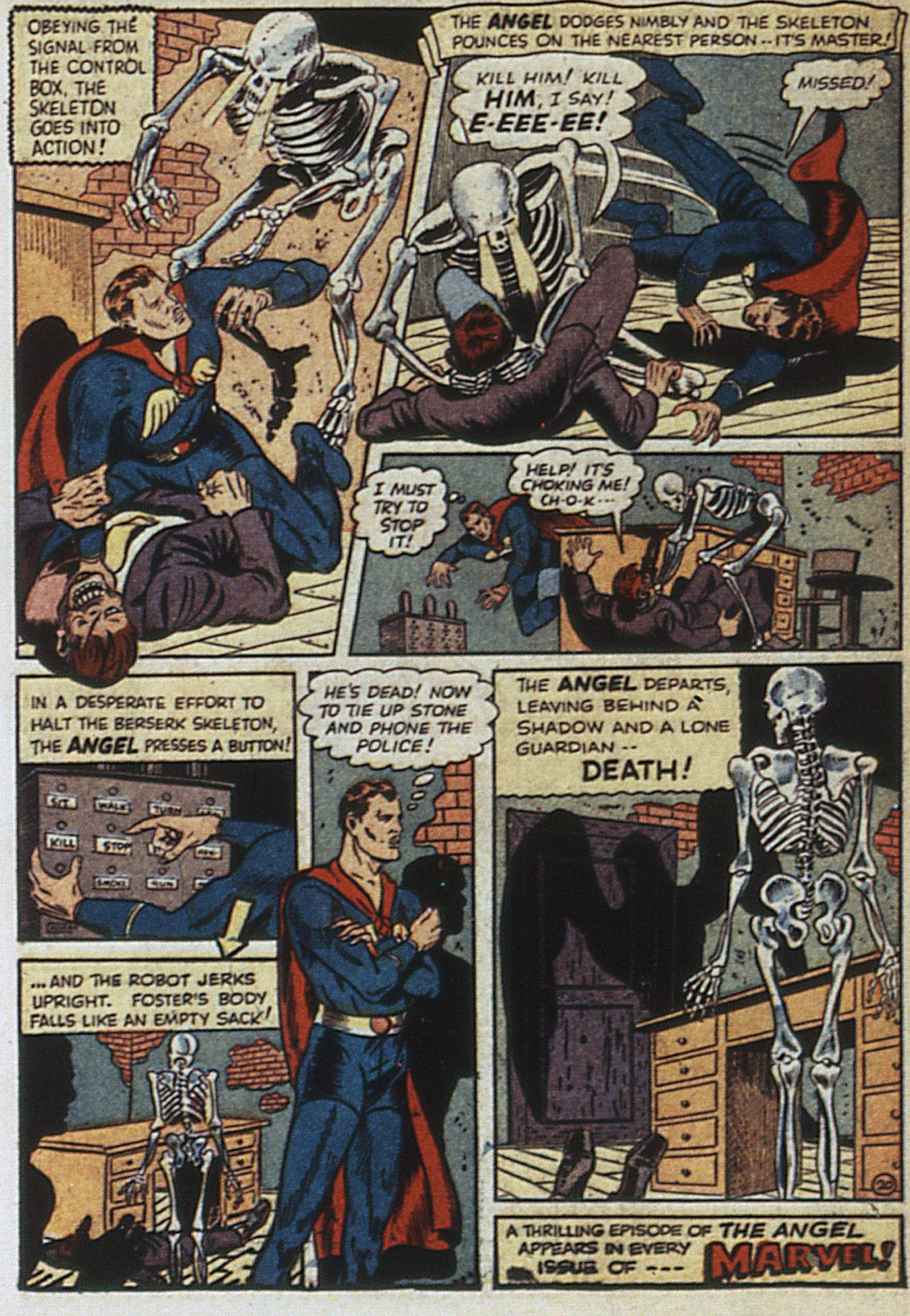

HERE'S DER SKELETON, BOSS! WHAT'LL I DO WID IT?
THROW IT IN THE DITCH AND SUBSTITUTE THE OTHER BOX!
BENSON & COMPANY BIOLOGICAL SUPPLIES
WITH CARE
S'LONG! WAIT TILL PLATT SEES OUR SKELETON! HAW! HAW!
CURB THAT CRUDE HUMOR OF YOURS AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT! I WANT NO SLIPS!
AS FOSTER'S STOOGE MAKES THE DELIVERY, KEEN EYES WATCH HIM -- THE KEEN EYES OF THE ANGEL! ...
...SKELETON FROM BENSON & CO.
BRING IT IN! DR. PLATT'S EXPECTING YOU!
TAKE IT OUT OF THE BOX AND PUT IT IN THAT GLASS CABINET!
OKAY, DOC!
BUY YOURSELF A CIGAR!
T'ANKS!
DIS IS DE FOIST TIME A GUY EVER PAID ME FER BUMPIN' HIM!
LATER
RATHER TALL! BUT PUT TOGETHER BY AN EXPERT-- HO HUM ...
GUESS I'D BETTER CATCH SOME SLEEP. GOT A BUSY DAY AHEAD OF ME!
15

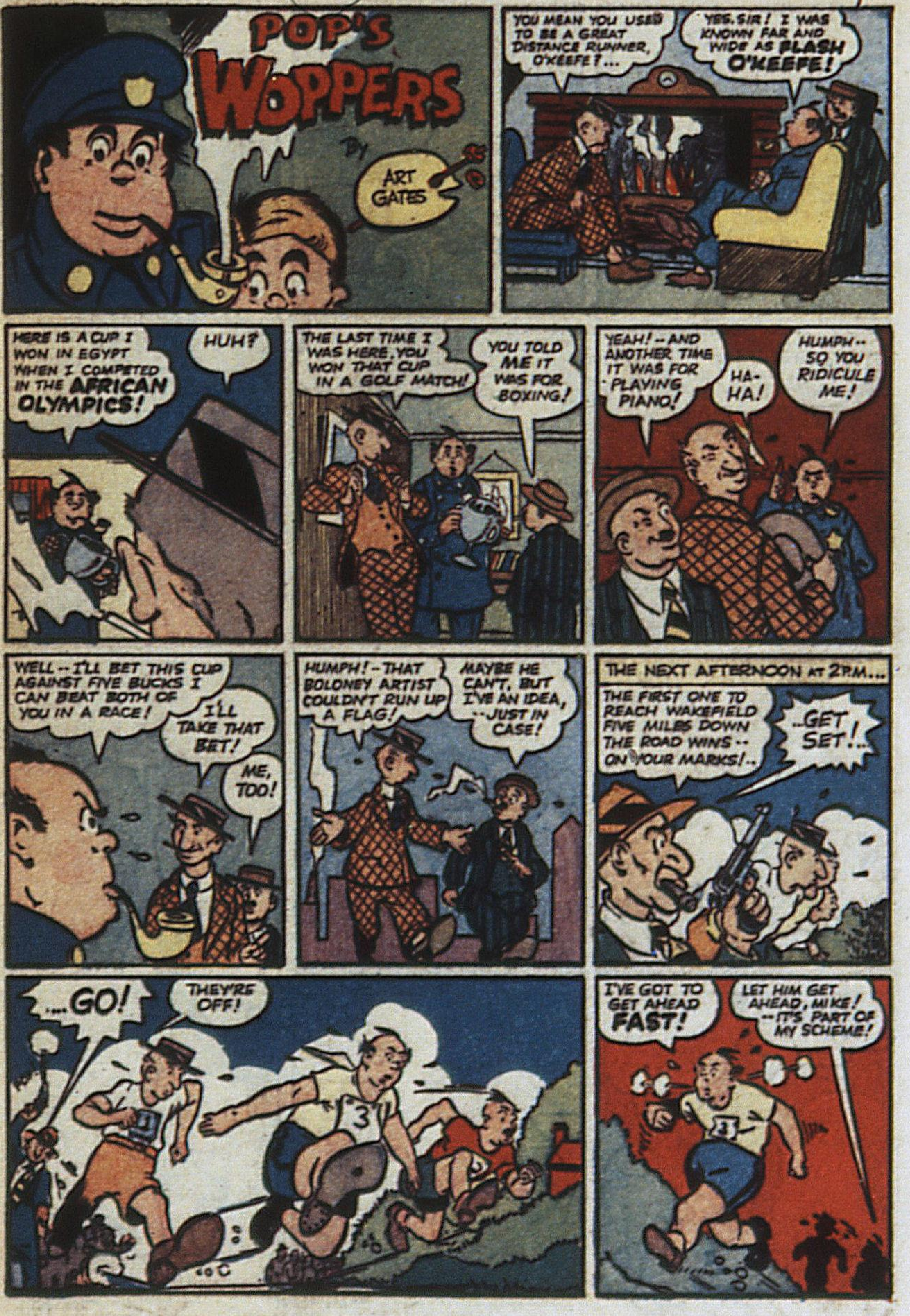

AS THE LIGHT GOES OUT, PLATT GASPS!
WHAT TH---?
ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE GASP!... TWO RAYS OF LIGHT LEAP FROM THE SKELETON'S EYE-SOCKETS! --AND A BONY HAND MOVES!
IT'S OPENING! THE CABINET! NO! IT CAN'T BE! THIS IS A DREAM! A NIGHTMARE!
NO, DOCTOR -- THIS IS NO NIGHTMARE! THE SOUND YOU HEAR IS THE RATTLE OF IT'S BONES!
PETRIFIED, UNABLE TO SPEAK, PLATT, THE SKEPTIC, WATCHES LIKE A MAN OF STONE --AS DEATH COMES CLOSER--CLOSER--CLOSER!
SUDDENLY THE WINDOW CRASHES AND ANOTHER STRANGE FIGURE ENTERS.....
HERE'S WHERE DEATH TAKES IT ON THE CHIN!
DEATH STRIKES! AND IN HIS EYES STRANGE FIRES GLOW!
EEE-EEE!
THE ANGEL POUNCES ON ONE OF THE BONY HANDS--
IT -- IT'S GOT A GRIP LIKE STEEL!

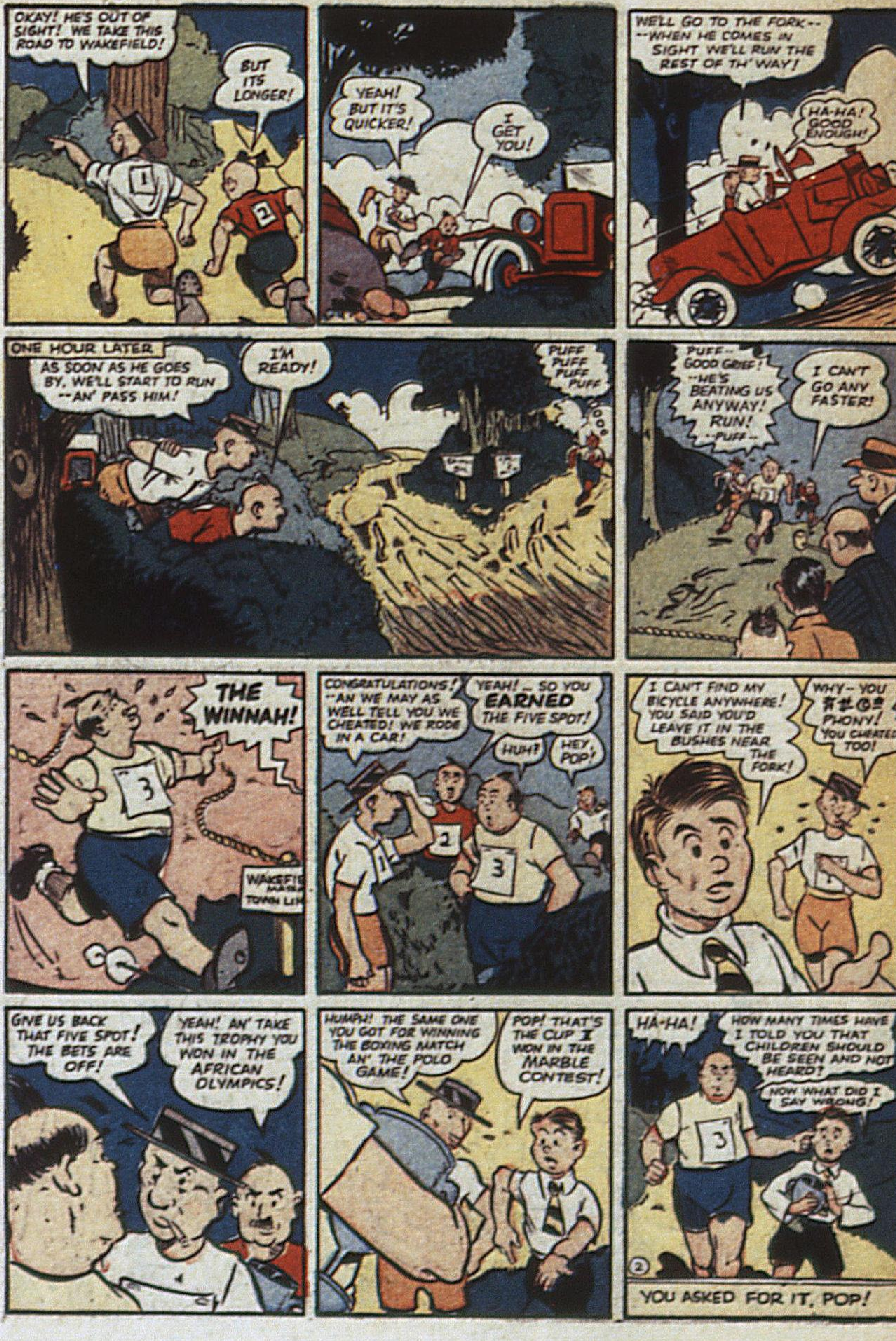
BUT THE ANGEL BREAKS THE FEARFUL GRIP..... WITH A FAINT CRY, PLATT COLLAPSES...
NOW, BONEY-PART, HERE'S WHERE YOU MEET YOUR WATERLOO!
BAM!
WOW! MY FIST! THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU!
SUDDENLY, THE SKELETON WHIRLS TOWARD THE BROKEN WINDOW!
SHY, EH? WAIT A MINUTE!
I'LL BOUNCE THIS MEDICAL BOOK RIGHT ON YOUR IVORY DOME!
GOT A BETTER IDEA! INSTEAD OF KNOCKING OLD SKULL-DUDGERY FOR A LOOP, I'LL FOLLOW HIM TO HIS MASTER!
THE ANGEL TRAILS THE SKELETON...
♪ WE WON'T GET HOME UNTIL ♪
HOPE HE DOESN'T RUN INTO AN AUTO, OR HE'LL WIND UP IN A GLUE FACTORY!
--HO--OME TILL MO-O-O-RNING-- WE WON'T-- ♪ ♪ --(GULP)
HERE'S WHERE I TAKE THE PLEDGE!


THE STRANGE TRAIL LEADS TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...
IT'S HEADING FOR THAT MANSION. LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE ROAD -- FOR ONE OF US!
IT'S CLIMBING IN, ALL RIGHT! I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK FIRST BEFORE I ENTER!
THERE'S LIGHT IN THE THIRD FLOOR!
HI-YA, BONEY, OLD KID!
I CATCH! A ROBOT -- OPERATED BY SHORT-WAVE RADIO! THE GLOW IN HIS EYES IS CAUSED BY RADIO TUBES!
SIT
WALK
KILL
JUMP
DON'T CALL HIM BONEY, STONE. HE MIGHT BE OFFENDED! AFTER ALL, HIS REAL NAME IS DR. BELL! HA-HA!
HAVE A CHAIR, DOC, AND ACCEPT MY CONGRATULATIONS! CIGARETTE?
BOY, HE CAN DO EVERYTHING BUT TALK!
I DON'T LIKE TALKERS, STONE! THAT'S WHY I PREFER DEAD MEN TO DO MY DIRTY WORK!


BUT...
HERE'S ONE DEAD MAN WHO WON'T DO YOUR DIRTY WORK!
THE ANGEL! I THOUGHT HE WAS CREMATED!
YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!
YEOW!
THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO BE DEAD FOR KEEPS!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
FOSTER PICKS HIMSELF UP AND SPEEDS TOWARD HIS DESK!
I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!
FRANTICALLY, FOSTER CRIES A HOARSE COMMAND TO HIS ROBOT!
SENDING AN S.O.S. TO BONEY, EH?
SIT
WALK
TURN
STOP
KILL
KILL! KILL! KILL!


OBEYING THE SIGNAL FROM THE CONTROL BOX, THE SKELETON GOES INTO ACTION!
THE ANGEL DODGES NIMBLY AND THE SKELETON POUNCES ON THE NEAREST PERSON -- IT'S MASTER!
KILL HIM! KILL HIM, I SAY! E-EEE-EE!
MISSED!
I MUST TRY TO STOP IT!
HELP! IT'S CHOKING ME! CH-O-K---
IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO HALT THE BERSERK SKELETON, THE ANGEL PRESSES A BUTTON!
SIT
WALK
TURN
KILL
STOP
RUN
...AND THE ROBOT JERKS UPRIGHT. FOSTER'S BODY FALLS LIKE AN EMPTY SACK!
HE'S DEAD! NOW TO TIE UP STONE AND PHONE THE POLICE!
THE ANGEL DEPARTS, LEAVING BEHIND A SHADOW AND A LONE GUARDIAN -- DEATH!
A THRILLING EPISODE OF THE ANGEL APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF --- MARVEL!


POP'S WOPPERS
BY ART GATES
YOU MEAN YOU USED TO BE A GREAT DISTANCE RUNNER, O'KEEFE?...
YES, SIR! I WAS KNOWN FAR AND WIDE AS FLASH O'KEEFE!
HERE IS A CUP I WON IN EGYPT WHEN I COMPETED IN THE AFRICAN OLYMPICS!
HUH?
THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE, YOU WON THAT CUP IN A GOLF MATCH!
YOU TOLD ME IT WAS FOR BOXING!
YEAH! --AND ANOTHER TIME IT WAS FOR PLAYING PIANO!
HA-HA!
HUMPH-- SO YOU RIDICULE ME!
WELL --I'LL BET THIS CUP AGAINST FIVE BUCKS I CAN BEAT BOTH OF YOU IN A RACE!
I'LL TAKE THAT BET!
ME, TOO!
HUMPH! --THAT BOLONEY ARTIST COULDN'T RUN UP A FLAG!
MAYBE HE CAN'T, BUT I'VE AN IDEA, --JUST IN CASE!
THE NEXT AFTERNOON AT 2 P.M...
THE FIRST ONE TO REACH WAKEFIELD FIVE MILES DOWN THE ROAD WINS-- ON YOUR MARKS!..
..GET SET!..
...GO!
THEY'RE OFF!
I'VE GOT TO GET AHEAD FAST!
LET HIM GET AHEAD, MIKE! --IT'S PART OF MY SCHEME!


OKAY! HE'S OUT OF SIGHT! WE TAKE THIS ROAD TO WAKEFIELD!
BUT ITS LONGER!
YEAH! BUT IT'S QUICKER!
I GET YOU!
WE'LL GO TO THE FORK-- --WHEN HE COMES IN SIGHT WE'LL RUN THE REST OF TH' WAY!
HA-HA! GOOD ENOUGH!
ONE HOUR LATER
AS SOON AS HE GOES BY, WE'LL START TO RUN --AN' PASS HIM!
I'M READY!
PUFF PUFF PUFF PUFF
PUFF-- GOOD GRIEF! --HE'S BEATING US ANYWAY! RUN! --PUFF--
I CAN'T GO ANY FASTER!
THE WINNAH!
WAKEFIE
MAIN
TOWN LI
CONGRATULATIONS! --AN WE MAY AS WELL TELL YOU WE CHEATED! WE RODE IN A CAR!
YEAH! -- SO YOU EARNED THE FIVE SPOT!
HUH?
HEY, POP!
I CAN'T FIND MY BICYCLE ANYWHERE! YOU SAID YOU'D LEAVE IT IN THE BUSHES NEAR THE FORK!
WHY-- YOU PHONY! YOU CHEATED, TOO!
GIVE US BACK THAT FIVE SPOT! THE BETS ARE OFF!
YEAH! AN' TAKE THIS TROPHY YOU WON IN THE AFRICAN OLYMPICS!
HUMPH! THE SAME ONE YOU GOT FOR WINNING THE BOXING MATCH AN' THE POLO GAME!
POP! THAT'S THE CUP I WON IN THE MARBLE CONTEST!
HA-HA!
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD?
NOW WHAT DID I SAY WRONG!
2
YOU ASKED FOR IT, POP!

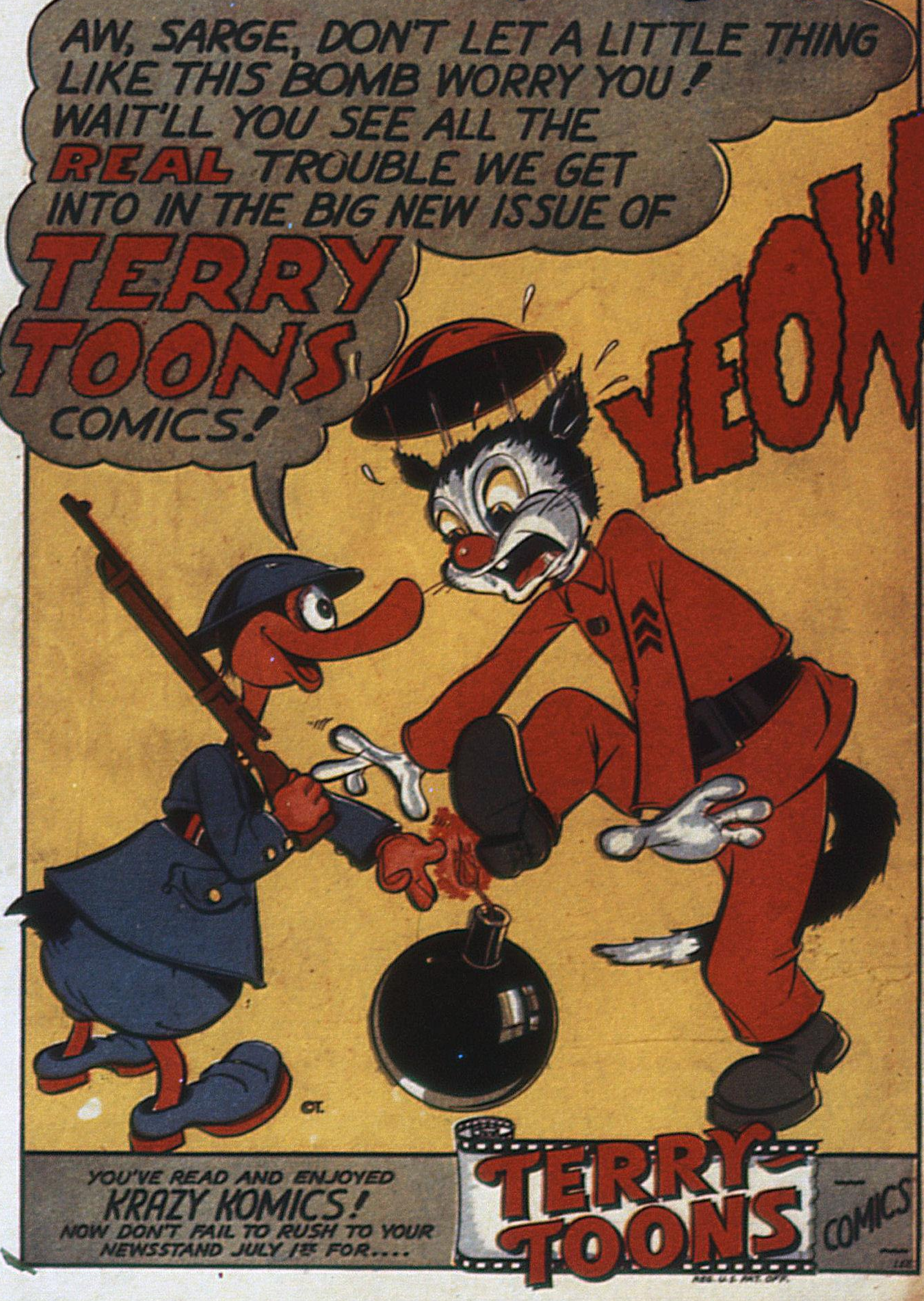
Tops! in
THRILLS!
MYSTERY!
ACTION!
COMEDY!
PATRIOTISM!
CAPTAIN AMERICA
HEY, KIDS!
EVERY MONTH

YOU'LL WANT TO BECOME A MEMBER OF CAP'S SENTINELS OF LIBERTY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL BADGE AND MEMBERSHIP CARD, MAIL THIS COUPON AND 10c TODAY TO: CAPTAIN AMERICA, ROOM 1010, 330 WEST 42nd ST., NEW YORK CITY

NAME______________________________

STREET_____________________________

CITY AND STATE_______________________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YEOW
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